

FEBRUARY

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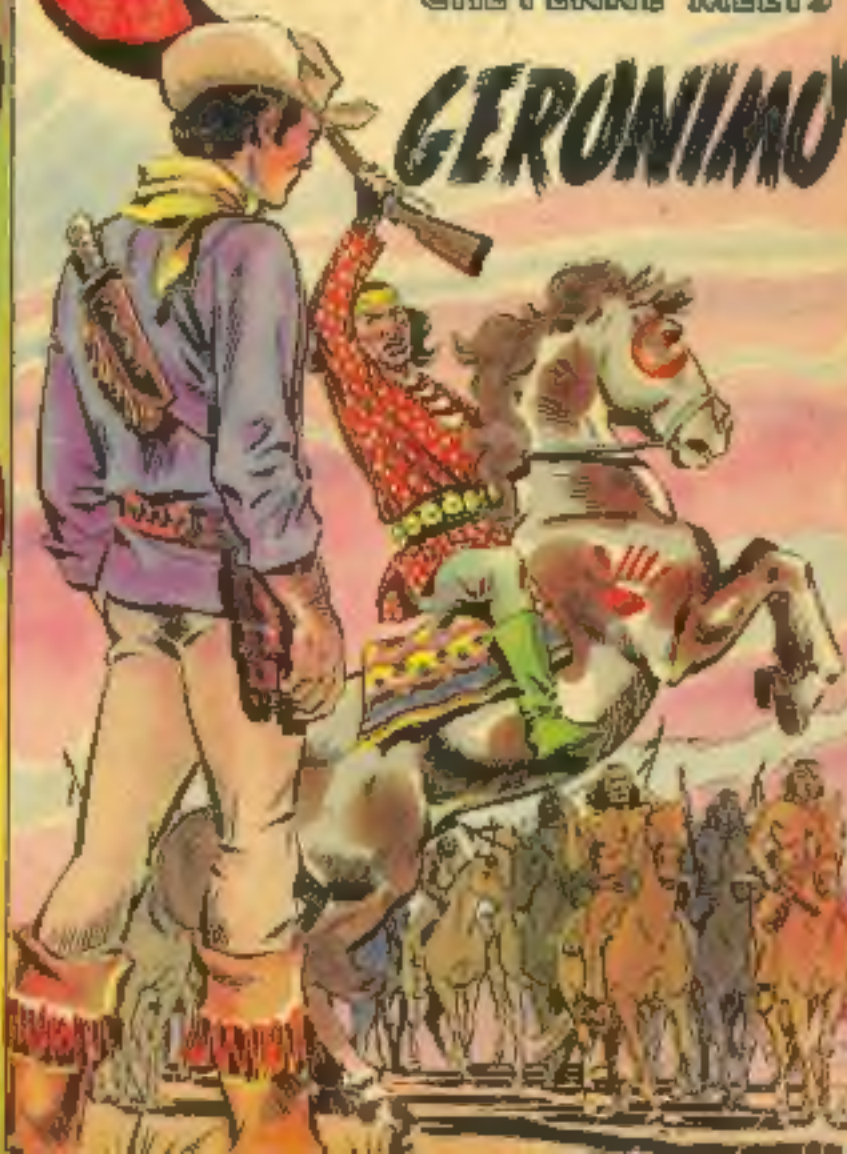
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CHEYENNE KID

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CHEYENNE KID

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Pet Masulli Executive Editor

CHEYENNE KID

IN THE WAR CHIEF

RUNNING WOLF, THE LAST OF THE WAR CHIEFS, HAD NEVER BEEN BEATEN IN BATTLE! THE RENEGADE BRAVES WHO FOLLOWED HIM REFUSED TO RESPECT THE PEACE TREATIES ALREADY SIGNED! THEY WANTED WAR... AND THE CHEYENNE KID DECIDED TO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED!



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CHEYENNE JONES, RAISED BY THE CHEYENNE, HAD RETURNED TO THE WHITE MAN'S WAYS -- BUT HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN THE CUNNING HE'D BEEN TAUGHT...

THERE'S AN INDIAN NEAR MY HORSE, AN' ANOTHER ONE ON THE NORTH SIDE! I'LL PRETEND TUN TURN IN...



LATER...



CHEYENNE KID

THE BRAVE MADE NO SOUND, EVEN WHEN HE LEAPED. WAR HATCHET READY...



THIS IS A INJUN TRICK, BUSTER! LIKE HUNH! IT?



THE OTHER ONE GOT THE HORSE! BUT HE WON'T RIDE FAR!



THE BRAVE WAS RIDING FAST... WHEN A SHRIIL WHISTLE SPLIT THE NIGHT! THE STATION HEARD THE CALL AND TURNED...



A SIOUX BRAVE AND AN ARAPHOE WAR-RIOR RIDING TOGETHER. YOUR TRIBES ARE AT PEACE! WERE YOU BANNED FROM YOUR VILLAGES?



THE CHEYENNE KID WAS PUZZLED! WHY DID TRADITIONAL ENEMIES RIDE THE SAME TRAIL? HE TURNED HIS BACK FOR A MOMENT AND...

THEY RAN FOR IT, LIKE I EXPECTED! AN' THEY'RE SCARED ENOUGH TO LEAVE A PLAIN TRAIL!



CHEYENNE KID

TRACKING A BIRD ACROSS THE SKY IS OFTEN EASIER THAN TRACKING AN INDIAN ON FOOT! BUT THE CHEYENNE KID DID IT EASILY...

I MUST BE NEAR THEIR CAMP! I SMELL SMOKE... AND I HEARD A STONE RATTLE! I'LL MAKE OUT LIKE I'M REAL DUMB!



GET OFF HORSE, WHITE MAN! RUNNING WOLF WILL DECIDE YOUR FATE!

RUNNIN' WOLF IS HERE! WELL, HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!



HOW, RUNNIN' WOLF? I THOUGHT YUH'D BE SOUTH WITH THE TRIBE NOW! THE SIOUX SIGNED A PEACE TREATY!

I AM WAR CHIEF! I DO NOT SIGN TREATY! I STILL FIGHT THE WHITES!



YUH KNOW ME, RUNNIN' WOLF! I'M TELLIN' YOU, YUH'D BETTER TELL YORE BRAVES TUH SCATTER FOR HOME! THE ARMY'LL TRACK YUH DOWN!

NO TALK! WE WILL DEFEAT ARMY!



THE CHEYENNE KID KNEW THEY DIDN'T PLAN ON LETTING HIM LEAVE THEIR CAMP--SO HE DECIDED TO START THE BALL ROLLING!

I'M TIRED OF BEIN' STUCK WITH THIS!

HO! CHEYENNE KID NO GET AWAY!



I'M NOT ESCAPING, RUNNIN' WOLF! I'M GONNA BEAT YOU IN A MAN-TO-MAN FIGHT FIRST! YOU NAME THE WEAPONS!



CHEYENNE KID

THE BRAVES HAD BEEN SET TO TEAR THE CHEYENNE KID DOWN... BUT HIS CHALLENGE STOPPED THEM. THEY WANTED TO SEE SUCH A FIGHT...

WE WILL FIGHT WITH TOMAHAWKS! YOU WILL BE LIKE A CHILD IN BATTLE!

TALK IT UP, RUNNIN' WOLF. AN' GET OUT THE HARDWARE!



BE READY! IS YOUR TOMAHAWK SATISFACTORY?

NEVER DID LIKE 'EM! COME ON...



...I'LL DO THIS BAREHANDED!



RUNNING WOLF STRUCK WITH MURDEROUS SPEED... BUT THE CHEYENNE KEPT DODGING. UNTIL...

YUH HAD ENOUGH CHANCES, CHIEF. NOW, IT'S MY TURN!



I'M SURE GLAD YUH FOUGHT THAT WAY! I WAS AFRAID YUH'D TRY ME WITH A WAP LANCE AN' SHIELD ON HORSEBACK!

THAT IS OUR NEXT TEST, CHEYENNE OUTCAST!



RUNNING WOLF IS SURE TO WIN! AND WHEN YOU HIT THE EARTH, WE WILL BE WAITING!

DON'T HOLD YORE BREATH-- YUH'LL TURN BLUE!



CHEYENNE KID

THE
BRANES
GATHERED,
AND
RUNNING
WOLF,
EXPERT
WITH
LANCE AND
SHIELD,
KICKED
HIS
PONY
INTO A
RUN!
THE
CHEYENNE
KID
MET
HIS
CHARGE...



I LEARNED THIS WAY O' FIGHTIN' TOO, RUNNIN' WOLF, OVER YUH GO!

YAHOO! GO, BOY! THEM BRANES'LL BE ON OUR HEELS IN A FEW SECONDS-- AN' THEY'LL NEVER GIVE UP!



THE CHEYENNE KID HAD A LEAD, AND TIME TO HIDE HIS TRAIL! BUT HE LEFT ENOUGH TRACE TO LET THEM FOLLOW SLOWLY...

HE IS NOT FAR NORTH OF HERE, THAT WAY!



THEY'RE ABOUT TWO MILES SOUTH OF ME! AND MAJOR BEATTY'S PATROL IS ON THE RIDGE! I'LL LEAD THE BRANES UP TO BEATTY!



RUNNING WOLF'S WAR PARTY CLOSED IN ON THE CHEYENNE KID FAST! THEY SPOTTED HIS HORSE AND BLANKET ROLL JUST BEFORE DAWN...

NO! FINISH THE CHEYENNE TRAITOR!



CHEYENNE KID

BUT THE CHEYENNE KID WASN'T IN HIS BLANKET ROLL. HE WAS ON A SPIR ABOVE WITH MAJOR BEATTY OF THE U.S. CAVALRY...

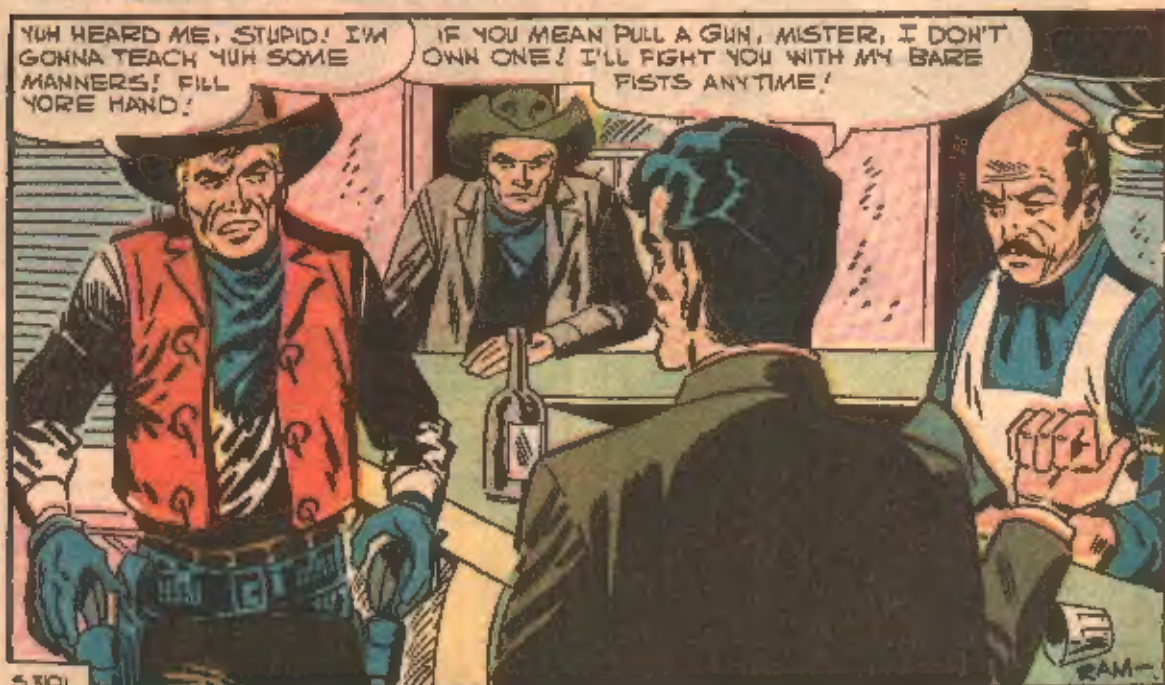


END

CHEYENNE KID

GUNSLICK'S VICTIM

JOHNNY DEUCE WAS ON THE PROD -- HE WAS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, A TARGET FOR HIS GUNS. HE'D BACKED DOWN, SHOWED FEAR WHEN JOHN RINGO CHALLENGED HIM! NOW, HE HAD TO REGAIN FACE! AND HE PICKED BILL TAYLOR, A DUDE WHO DIDN'T KNOW A COLT FROM A SPRINGFIELD TO DO IT!



CHEYENNE KID

BILL TAYLOR HAD JUST ARRIVED FROM OHIO! HE'D NEVER SHOT OFF A GUN IN HIS LIFE... AND HE WAS AFRAID TO TRY...

YUH GOT TO TRY, BILLY! WHEN HE SEES YUH DIDN'T BACK DOWN, HE MIGHT LET YUH GO!

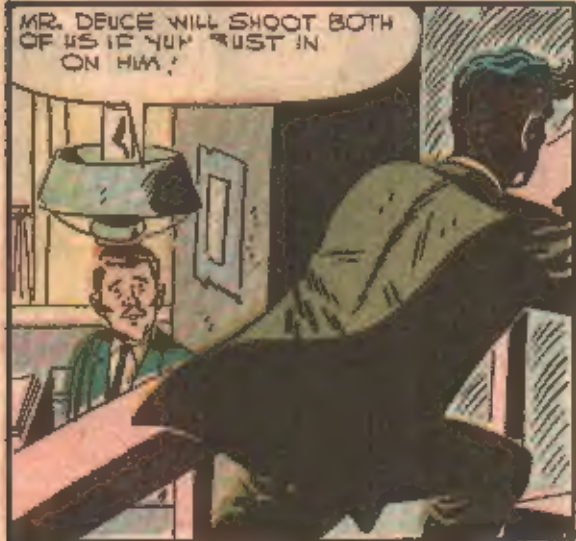
JOHNNY DEUCE WON'T SHOW MERCY TO ANY-ONE! YOU'D BETTER SNEAK OUTA TOWN!



KEEP YOUR GUN! JOHNNY DEUCE AIN'T BEIN' FAIR TUH ME -- I DON'T HAVE TUH BE FAIR TUH HIM! HE'S AT THE HOTEL -- I'LL FIX HIM!



MR. DEUCE WILL SHOOT BOTH OF US IF YUH JUST IN ON HIM!



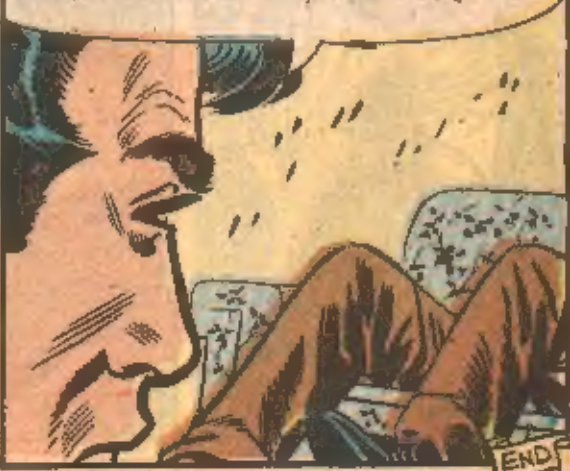
BILL TAYLOR LOCATED DEUCE'S ROOM! HE SPLINTERED THE DOOR WITH ONE HEAVY BOOT AND...

WHAT TH... WHADDYA WANT, DUDE?

A SHOWDOWN... BUT WITH OUR BARE HANDS!



I'M BUYIN' ME A SHOTGUN! WHEN YOU FEEL HEALTHY AGAIN, COME AT ME AND I'LL USE IT! NO GUNSICK'S GONNA BULLY ME FROM NOW ON!



END

CHEYENNE KID

CHEYENNE KID

in
the
**WATERHOLE
of
DOOM**

Part 1



THE CHEYENNE KID HAS HAD MORE
CLOSE SCRAPES AND COME OUT
WITH A WHOLE SKIN THAN ANY OTHER
MAN IN THE WHOLE WILD WEST!
BUT NOW WILL HE COME OUT OF THE
SCRAPE HE'S HEADING FOR NOW?
HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY SURVIVE
THE WATERHOLE OF DOOM?

CHEYENNE KID

OUT IN THE BLAZING DESERT THE PRIMAL NEED OF BOTH MAN AND BEAST HAS ALWAYS BEEN WATER!

WATERHOLES ARE HARD TO COME BY IN THE DESERT! JUST THE SIGHT OF ONE OF THEM HAS ALWAYS BEEN ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN'S HEART LEAP WITH JOY

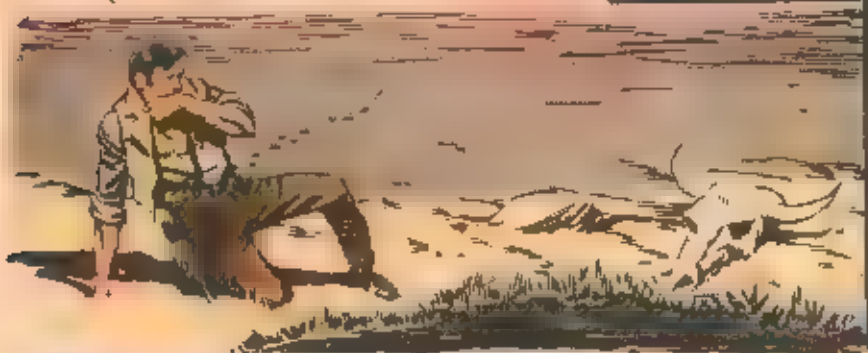
REAL WATER AT LAST! NOT A MIRAGE BUT REAL WATER!



BUT THERE ARE SOME WATERHOLES THAT EVEN THE THIRSTIEST HAVE ALWAYS TURNED AWAY FROM! FOR THEY KNOW THAT TO DRINK FROM THOSE HOLES WOULD QUENCH THEIR THIRST FOREVER!

UGH!

IT IS TOWARD ONE OF THESE WATERHOLES THAT THE CHEYENNE KID IS RIDING. HE HAS NEVER BEEN TO THIS DESERT BEFORE.



AND HIS TONGUE IS PARCHED WITH THIRST! ANY MOMENT NOW HE WILL REACH THE TOP OF THE DUNE! ANY MOMENT NOW HE WILL SPOT THE WATERHOLES!

...AND SILENT OTTER WILL BE AVENGED!

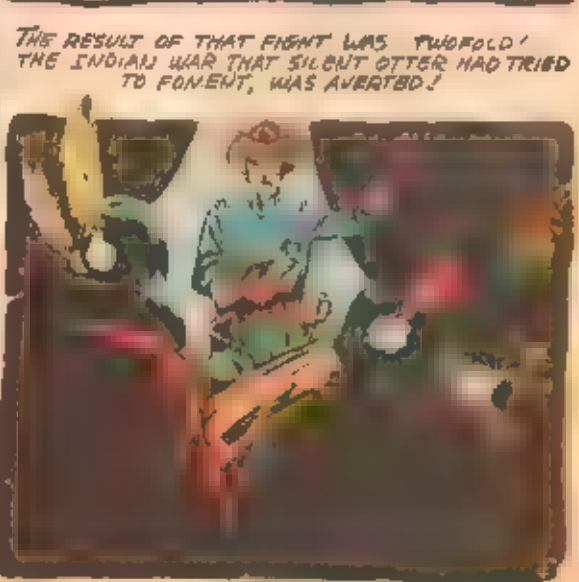
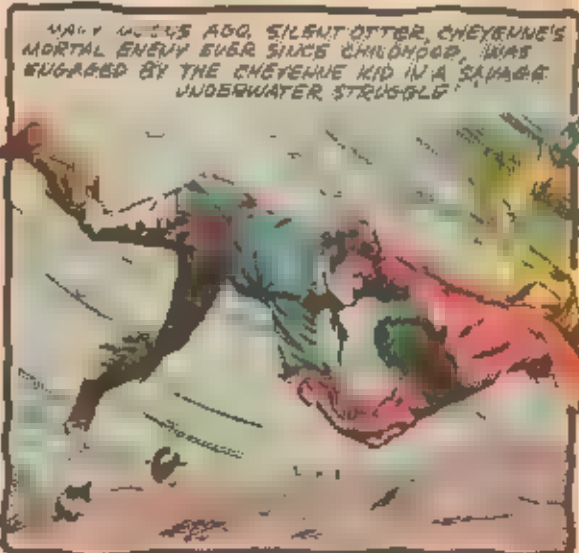
I HAVE REMOVED THE DANGER SILENTLY! CHEYENNE WILL BE UNWARNED! HE WILL DRINK HIS FILL!



CHEYENNE KID



HOW HAS ALL THIS COME TO PASS? WHAT WERE THE THREADS OF CIRCUMSTANCE THAT HAVE LED THE CHEYENNE KID TO THE BRINK OF DISASTER?



CHEYENNE KID

AND SILENT OTTER WAS LED OFF TO IMPRISONMENT AS HE DESERVED!

CHEYENNE SHALL PAY FOR THIS! I SWEAR BY ALL THE WAR GODS!



...CHEYENNE SHALL PAY!

HE'S A MEAN GUSS, ALL RIGHT!

I'D HATE TO BE IN THE CHEYENNE KID'S SHOES...IF HE EVER GETS OUT!



THEN ONE NIGHT, AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS HAD PASSED, IT HAPPENED THAT DURING A VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM, THE BLOCKHOUSE THAT KEPT SILENT OTTER A PRISONER, WAS HIT BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING!



FIRE!
FIRE!



IN ALL THE CONFUSION SILENT OTTER SLIPPED UNNOTICED INTO THE NIGHT!



CHEYENNE KID

...AND MADE HIS WAY TO A TRIBE OF THE SIOUX THAT WAS STILL HOSTILE!

STRIKE NOW, OH CHIEF, WHILE THE LONG-STICKS ARE STILL BUSY REPAIRING THE FIRE-DAMAGE IN THEIR FORT! STRIKE NOW!



AND LET ME LEAD ONE WAR PARTY! FOR NO HEART BURNS MORE WITH HATRED AGAINST THE WHITES THAN MINE ON, CHIEF



SO BE IT! I SHALL LEAD ONE WAR PARTY! SILENT OTTER SHALL LEAD THE OTHER. LET THE WAR DANCES START!



THE WAR DANCES HAD ENDED NOW!



THE RAID WAS AS BRUTAL AS IT WAS UNEXPECTED!



THE NEXT DAY...

THOSE SCUFFLE-MARKS ADD UP TO ANYTHING, CHEYENNE?

THE RAIDERS WERE SIOUX! BUT THERE WAS ONE CHEYENNE AMONG THEM. I CAN TELL BY THE MOCCASIN-PRINT!



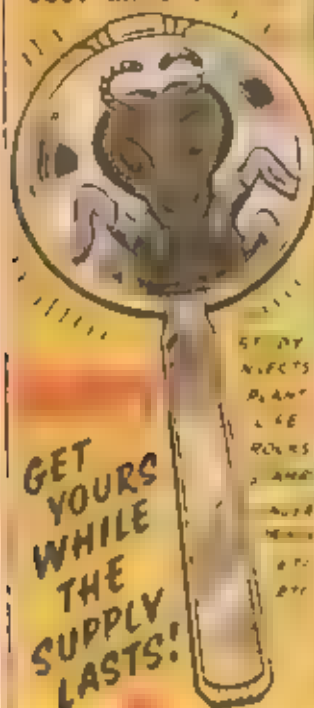
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CONT NED
AFTER NEXT
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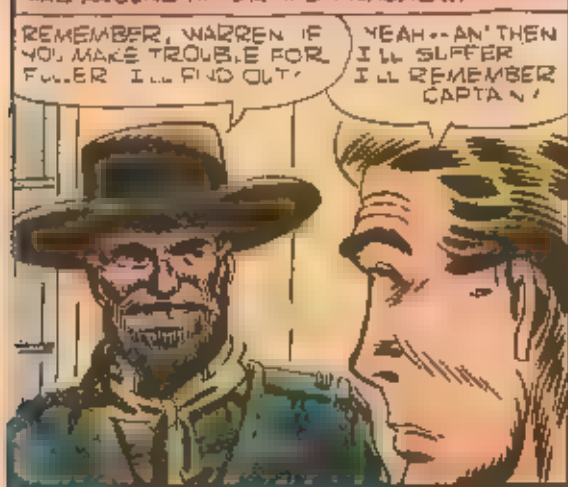
CHEYENNE KID

PEACEFUL DAVE

THE UNION COLONEL WARNED DAVE WARREN HE'D SUFFER IF HE EVER RAISED HIS HAND IN DISSENT AGAIN, SO DAVE SETTLED DOWN TO RUN THE GENERAL STORE, FORCED TO ENDURE THE GIBES OF GABE REILLY, A RUTHLESS QUERLASS, BUT EVERY INSULT DAVE TOOK WAS AVENGED SOONER OR LATER.



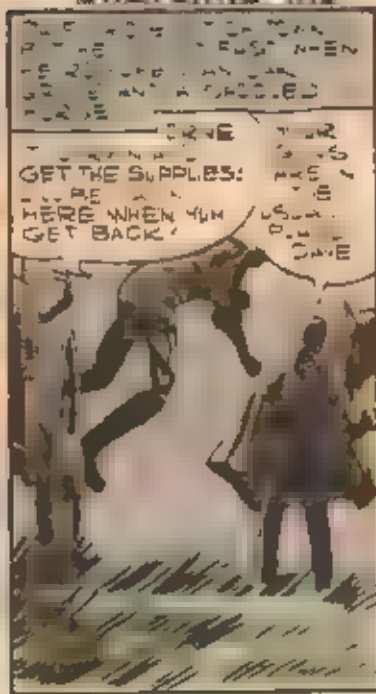
PEACEFUL DAVE RESENTED TAKING THE PUNISHMENT... BUT UNION CAPTAIN CLARK WAS AROUND AFTER THE FRACAS...



FULLER WASN'T A REGULAR SOLDIER, HE WAS A QUERLASS, FIGHTING FOR SOUTHERN SYMPATHIZERS. A JOB HE LIKED! DAVE WATCHED AND WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE.



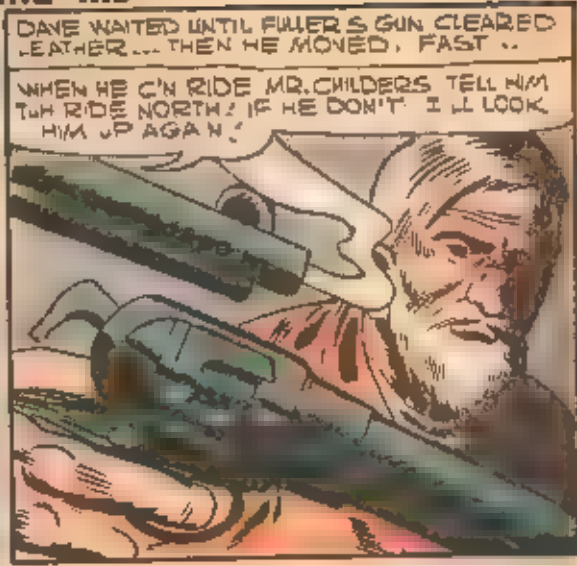
CHEYENNE KID



CHEYENNE KID



DRAW, FULLER! USE THE GUN!



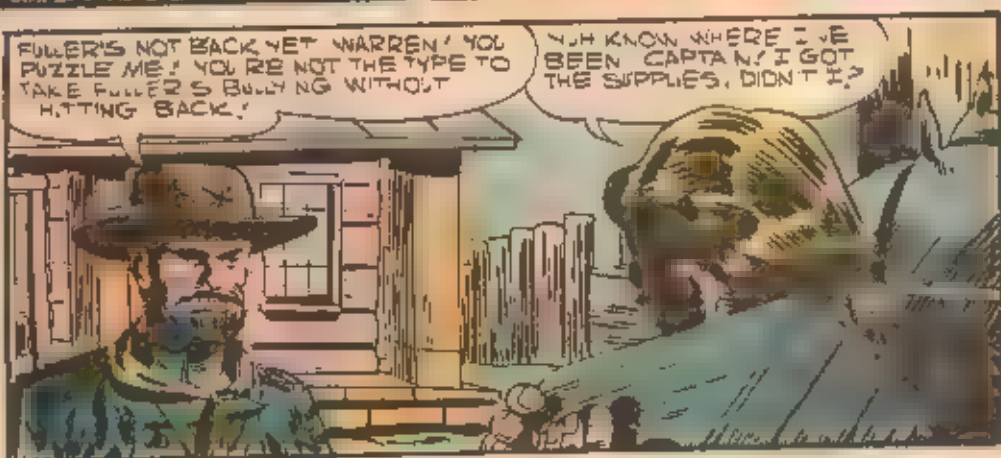
DAVE WAITED UNTIL FULLER'S GUN CLEARED LEATHER... THEN HE MOVED, FAST ..

WHEN HE C'N RIDE MR. CHILDERS TELL HIM T'UH RIDE NORTH! IF HE DON'T, I LL LOOK HIM UP AGAIN!

THE BOY HAD THE WHOLE LOAD OF SUPPLIES READY WHEN HE GOT BACK. AN HOUR LATER, HE WAS UNLOADING AT HIS STORE-- ONCE MORE PEACE-- FULL DAVE...

FULLER'S NOT BACK YET WARREN! YOU PUZZLE ME! YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO TAKE FULLER'S BULLYING WITHOUT HITTING BACK!

YOU KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN CAPTAIN? I GOT THE SUPPLIES, DIDN'T I?



I HAVE A TIP FOR YOU, MISTER. YOU'RE NOT A SOLDIER... YOUR BULLIES AREN'T EITHER! YOU'LL NEVER BE SAFE UNTIL YOU LEAVE THIS COUNTRY!



YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! I LL FIX YOU!

YOU'RE ALL MOUTH, MISTER! AN I AM TO SHUT IT!

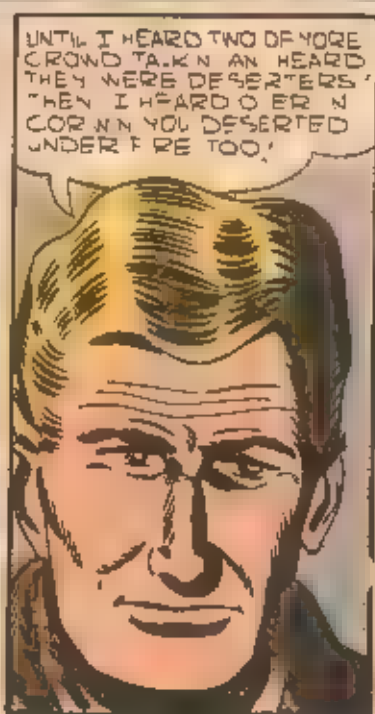
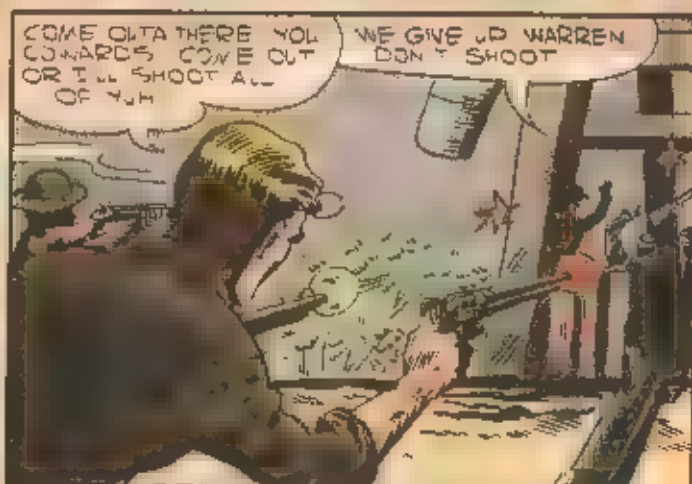


THERE WERE SIXTEEN GUYS, WASN'T IT? DAVE'S SMASH TO THE 'CAPTAIN'S' FACE WAS THE SIGNAL THE TOWNSMEN HAD BEEN WAITING FOR!

GRAB THE REELS, JEFF! TELL PAPPY T'UH GUARD THE ROAD OUTA TOWN!



CHEYENNE KID

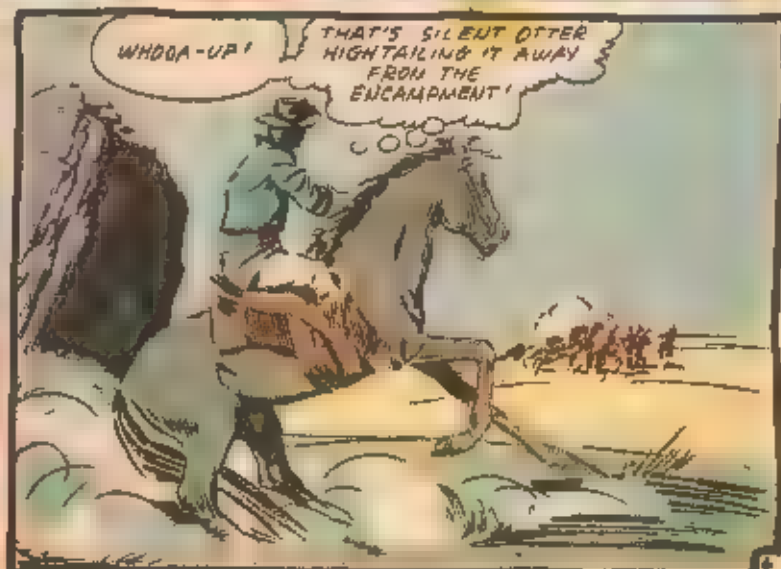
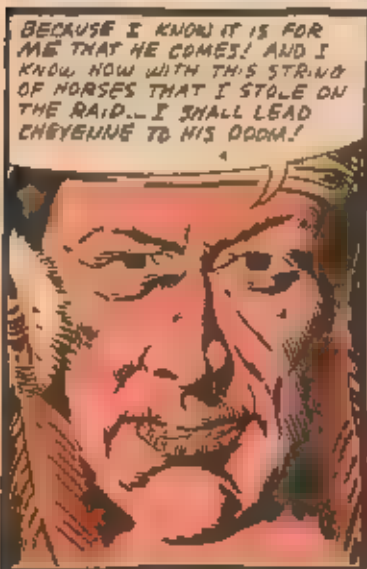
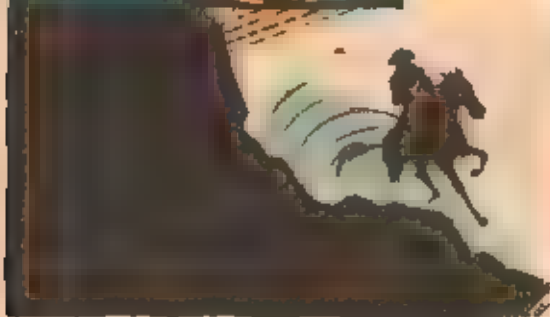


CHEYENNE KID

in the WATERHOLE of DOOM

Part 2

CHEYENNE KID



CHEYENNE KID

THE CHEYENNE KID HAS TURNED HIS HORSE! HE'S LOST CHASE TO SILENT OTTER!

SILENT OTTER HAS MUCH CRAFTINESS... ENOUGH TO DO AS HE SAID... TO LEAD HIS ENEMY TO HIS DOOM!



THE CHASE LASTED THROUGH MANY LONG SUN-BAKED DAYS AND MANY LONG TOLD NIGHTS! US TO THE STRING OF FRESH HORSES HE HAD TAKEN WITH HIM SILENT OTTER STAYED AHEAD OF THE CHEYENNE KID!



AND AS SILENT OTTER RODE HE KEPT SMILING CRAFTY!

CHEYENNE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT I AM CIRCLING HIM INTO A DESERT THAT HE HAS NEVER CROSSED BEFORE!



THAT BY THE TIME HE REACHES A CERTAIN WATERHOLE HE SHALL BE FEELING MUCH THIRST AND SINCE I SHALL DRINK THE WARNING SIGN HE SHALL DRINK HIS FULL OF UNSAFE WATER!



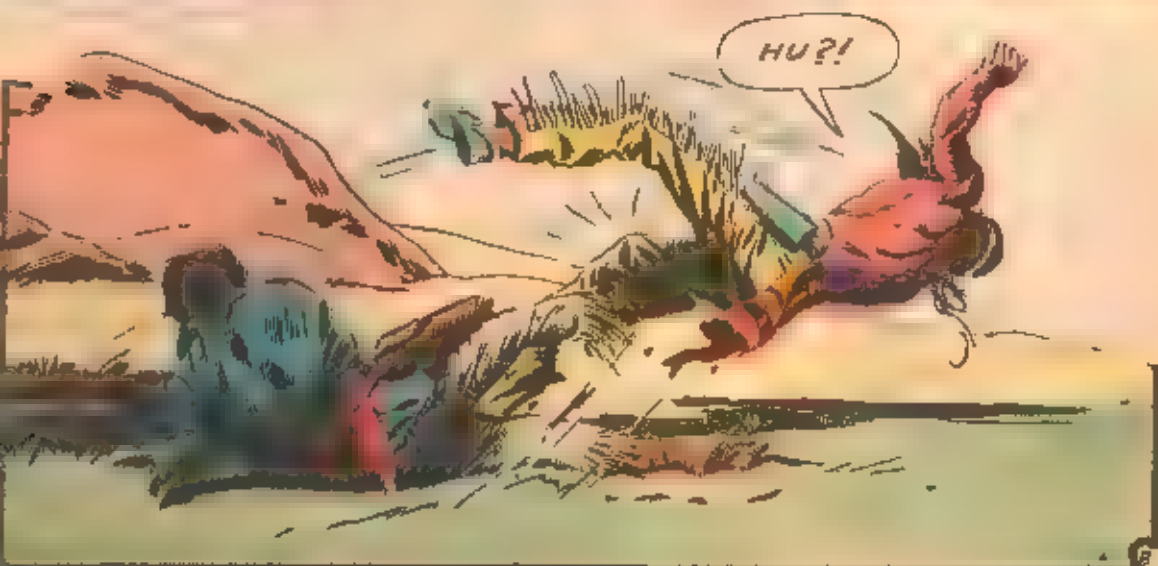
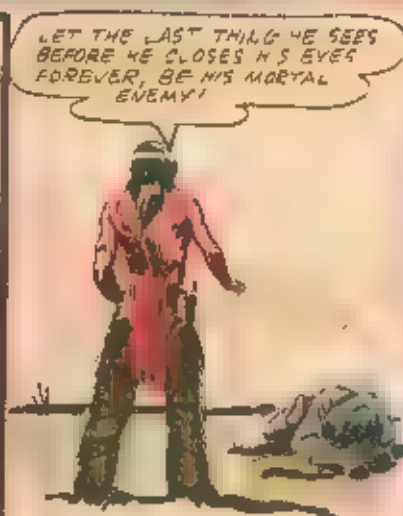
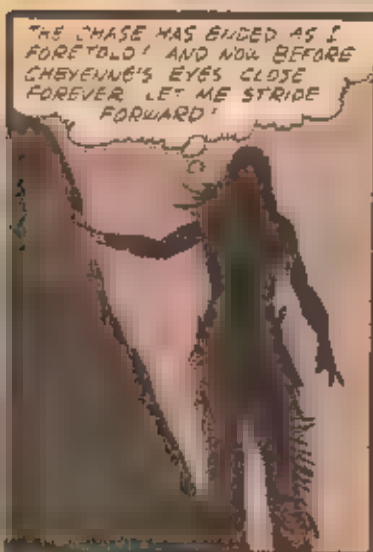
A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

THESE WERE THE THREADS OF CIRCUMSTANCE THAT HAVE BROUGHT THIS TO PASS AND NOW AS IF PROPELLED BY PARCHING THIRST, THE CHEYENNE KID BREAKS INTO A RUN CLOSER AND CLOSER HE COMES...

TO HIS DOOM!



CHEYENNE KID



CHEYENNE KID



A AGA! YOU ARE TOO STRONG FOR ME. BUT HOW CAN THIS BE? DID YOU NOT GASP, DRINK OF THE BAD WATER?

NO, I LEFT OFFER! I DIDN'T DRINK THE WATER.

THERE WAS NO SIGN AND I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN THE HOLE TO BE IMPURE. IF NOT FOR ONE THING YOU COULDN'T SEE IT FROM WHERE YOU WERE HIDING, BECAUSE A RISE IN THE SAND BLOCKED YOUR VIEW.



BUT THAT DEAD COYOTE LYING THERE MUST HAVE DRUNK ITS FILL BETWEEN THE TIME YOU REMOVED THE WARNING MARKER AND THE TIME I SHOWED UP. SEEING THE COYOTE TOLD ME ALL I HAD TO KNOW ABOUT THAT WATER!



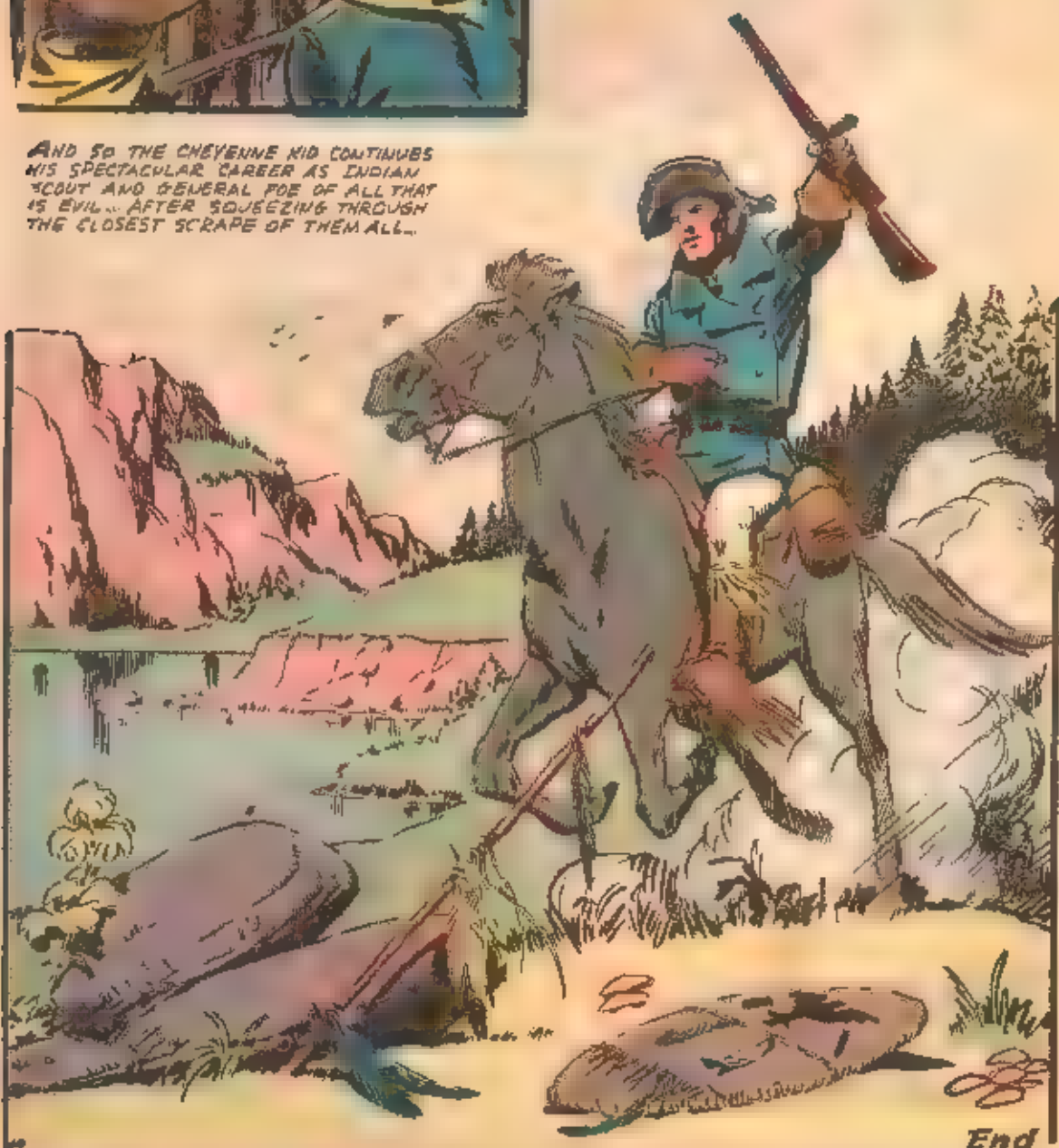
AND IT MADE ME SMELL A RAT TOO! AND SMELLING A RAT MEANT YOU HAD TO BE HEREBOUTS! SO I FAKED DRINKING THE WATER, COUNTING ON YOU TO DANCE OUT TO MAKE SURE I WAS A GONER!



CHEYENNE KID



AND SO THE CHEYENNE KID CONTINUES HIS SPECTACULAR CAREER AS INDIAN SCOUT AND GENERAL POE OF ALL THAT IS EVIL... AFTER SQUEEZING THROUGH THE CLOSEST SCRAPE OF THEM ALL...



End

"MAJORS' MAJOR ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS"

Alexander Majors spent his life in the West of a growing America. He was the genius who created the Pony Express. And today we are going to interview him, in regard to an adventure he had with Indians. He is now retired and we visit him in the living room of his ranch, because the years are beginning to tell on him, he no longer does any active work. His eyes are still bright and he insists he could stay in the saddle all day long. He is ready to speak:

"In the early part of June, 1850, I loaded my train, consisting of ten wagons, drawn by 130 Oxen at Kansas City, Mo. In it, was merchandise destined for Santa Fe, N.M. a distance of about eight hundred miles, so I started out on my long trip.

I was then out some eight or ten days and travelling through what was then called Indian Territory. Four years later it was organized and called Kansas. Arriving one evening at a stream known as One Hundred and Ten, I camped for the night, unyoked my oxen and turned them upon the grass. Finding the grass so good and the animals weary with the day's work I thought they would not stroll away. Therefore I did not put any guard, as was my custom.

I arose at early dawn the following morning saddled my horse, which by the way was a good one. I then told my assistant to arouse the teamsters, so they could be ready to yoke their teams as soon as I drove them into the corral, which was formed by the wagons.

I rounded up what was supposed to be all the herd, but in rounding them up before reaching the wagons, I discovered that there were a number of them missing. I then made a circle, leaving the ones I had herded together. I had not travelled very far when I struck the trail of the

missing oxen. It was very plain and I could ride my horse on a gallop and keep track of it.

I had not travelled more than a mile, when I discovered the tracks of Indian ponies. I then knew the Indians had driven off my oxen, thinking quietly I remembered I was unarmed. I did not think it was necessary to take my gun when I left the wagons. We had not yet reached the portion of the territory where we would expect to meet hostile Indians. So I went ahead on the trail thinking it was some half-friendly ones that had driven my oxen away, as they sometimes did in order to get a fee for finding and bringing them back again.

I expected to overtake them at any moment, for the trail looked very fresh as though they were only a short distance ahead of me. So on and on I went, galloping my horse most of the time, until I had gone about twelve miles from my camp. I passed through a skirt of timber that divided one portion of the open prairie from the other. And there I overtook thirty-four head of my oxen resting from their travel.

About sixty yards to the east of the cattle were six painted Indian braves. They had dismounted from their horses, each one leaning against his horse with his right hand resting upon his saddle. I came upon them suddenly, the timber prevented them from seeing me, until I was within a few rods of them. I threw up my hand, went in a lope around my oxen, giving some hideous yells, and told the cattle they could go back to the wagons on the trail they had come. They at once heeded me and started. I never saw six meaner or more surprised men than those six braves. I think they thought I had an armed party just behind me, for I acted so courageously. Leaving the six Indians stand-

ing in dismay I followed my cattle ready to take them back.

The oxen and myself were soon out of sight in the forest and that is the last I saw of the six braves who had been sent out by their chief the night before to steal the oxen. Very soon after I got through the timber and into the prairie again, I met from time to time one or two Indians. They were trotting along on their ponies following the trail that the cattle made when their comrades drove them off. When within a short distance of the herd they would leave the trail and leave plenty of space to the cattle. They would fall in behind me and trot on toward the six braves I had left.

I will say here that I began to feel very much elated over my success in capturing my cattle from six armed Indians and being given the right of way by other parties also armed. But I did not have to travel very far under the pleasant reflection that I was a hero. When I was about half way back to the wagons I looked ahead about half a mile. There I saw a large body of Indians comprising some twenty-five warriors, that proved to be under the command of their chief. They were armed and coming toward me. I began to feel a little smaller than I had a few minutes previously, for I was entirely unarmed. Even if I had been armed, what would I have done against 25 Indians?

My fears were very soon realized. For when they arrived within a few hundred yards of me and the chief saw me returning with the cattle he had sent his braves to drive off, he went into action. He commanded his men to make a descent upon me and he undertook the job of leading them. They raised a hideous yell and started toward me.

If my oxen had not been driven so far and become so exhausted, I would have had a royal stampede. The animals only ran a few hundred yards until I succeeded in holding them up. By this time the Indians had reached me and my cattle. The braves surrounded the cattle, the chief came at the top of his horse's speed directly toward me with his gun drawn up in a striking attitude. Of course I did not allow him to get in reaching distance. I turned my horse and put spur to him. He was a splendid animal and it was easy for me to keep out of the reach of the chief. His desire was to scare, not to kill me, or cause me to run away and leave my herd.

Thus chasing me off for some distance was repeated three times.

I returned in close proximity each time to where his braves surrounded the cattle on every side. Some were on foot, holding their ponies

and others were on horseback. Those who had alighted were dancing and yelling at the top of their voices. In line between me and the group of braves, were the chief and one of his braves, armed with bow and arrow.

When I got within thirty or forty yards of him he beckoned me to come to him; signs were our only communications. I rode cautiously up to the chief, with our horses' heads in the same direction. When I stopped to see what he was going to do, the brave slid off his horse. He made a lunge to catch the bridle of my horse, when suddenly the animal jumped quickly moving far enough so the brave missed getting hold of the rein.

Had he succeeded in the attempt they would have taken my horse and oxen and cleared out leaving me standing on the prairie. The brave remounted and the chief rode slowly toward me. When they got within a few feet of me, they reined up their ponies. The brave suddenly drew his bow at full bend with a sharp pointed steel in the end of the arrow. He aimed at my heart.

Of course there was no time for doing anything but to keep my eye steadfast on his. While in this position he pronounced the word "say" with all the force he could summon. I did not at that time understand what he meant. The chief relieved my suspense by holding up his ten fingers and pointing to the oxen. I then understood that if I gave him ten of my animals he would not put the arrow through my heart. I felt that I could not spare that number and move my train to its destination. So I refused.

He then threw up five fingers and motioned to the cattle. Again I shook my head. He then motioned to me to say how many I would give and I held up one finger. The moment I did so he gave the word of command to his braves. They whirled into line and selected one of the animals. Then they left me and the rest on the prairie.

I had held them there so long refusing to let them go without following them that I think they were afraid some of my party would overtake me. I did feel helpless on this occasion. To give them the animals would have been financial ruin. Yet I kept all but one — and also my life. So it wasn't such a terrible adventure at that when I look back at it."

Some time in the future we will again pay a visit to this famous pioneer and listen to more of his tales about the early West.

THE END —

CHEYENNE KID

CHEYENNE KID

*GERONIMO
THE WAR CHIEF
of THE APACHES*

PART I

PART I

GERONIMO THE WAR CHIEF of THE APACHES

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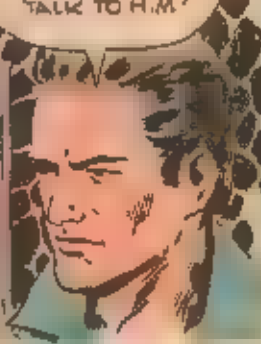
CHEYENNE KID

COLONEL TARBES SENT FOR CHEYENNE JONES. THE ARMY WAS TRYING TO RESTORE PEACE TO THE FRONTIER -- AND TO DO IT, THEY HAD TO FIND GERONIMO...

GERONIMO WON'T PARLEY WITH AN ARMY OFFICER! WILL YOU RIDE WITH A DETAIL - GIVE HIM OUR TERMS?

GERONIMO'S GOT RIGHT ON HIS SIDE, COLONEL BUT I'LL TALK TO HIM!

BUT IF ANY MAN IN THE DETAIL MAKES ONE WRONG MOVE, WE'LL ALL BE WIPED OUT! SELECT THE MEN CAREFULLY, SIR!



REMEMBER TURNER I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW! GERONIMO IS NO FOOL-- DON'T TRY TO TRICK HIM-- OR ME

WE KNOW HOW TO TREAT GERONIMO, MASTER! DON'T TELL US WHAT TO DO!

THE CHEYENNE KID LED THE DETAIL SOUTH AND WEST FROM THE FORT. HE HAD A HUNCH GERONIMO WOULD FIND THEM...

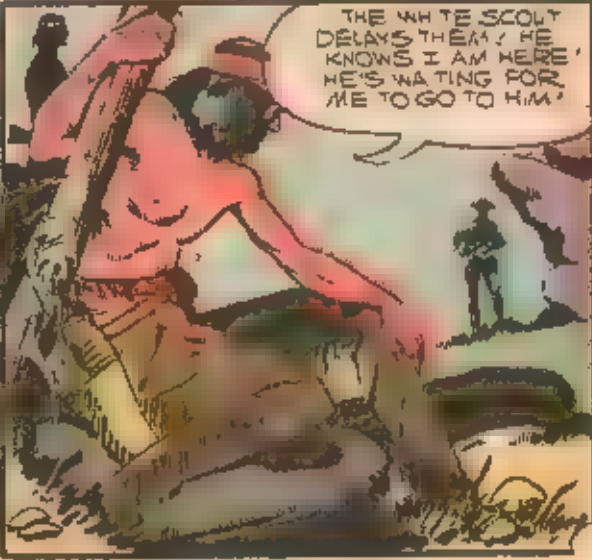
YOU'RE WASTING TIME, JONES!

NO I'M NOT, TURNER! GERONIMO'S PROBABLY UP THERE ON A PEAK, WATCHING US RIGHT NOW! AM I WONDERING



...WHAT WE'RE UP TO! AN IF I KNOW HIM, HE'LL MAKE IT HIS BUSINESS TO FIND OUT! THIS IS HIS COUNTRY

THE WHITE SCOUT DELAYS THEM! HE KNOWS I AM HERE! HE'S WAITING FOR ME TO GO TO HIM!



CHEYENNE KID

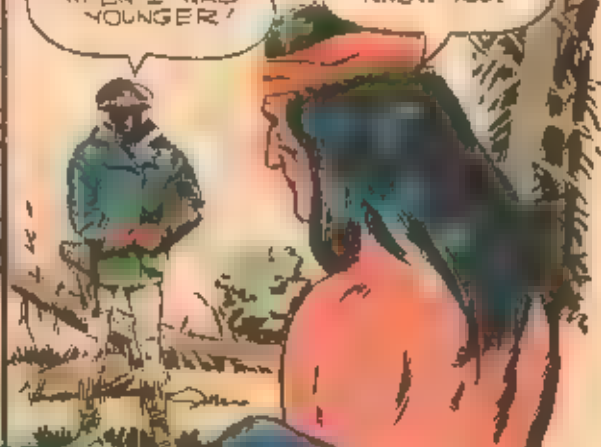
THE CHEYENNE KID DELIBERATELY MADE HIMSELF A TARGET FOR THE APACHES. HE WAS BAITING A TRAP--USING HIMSELF FOR BAIT.

THERE'S AN INDIAN NEAR HERE SOMEWHERE I HOPE--S GERONIMO!



WHAT, GERONIMO! I'M THE CHEYENNE WHO'S BRAVE! I SAW YOU ONCE WHEN I WAS YOUNGER!

YOU ARE THE MAN CALLED CHEYENNE KID! I KNOW YOU!



WHAT DO YOU WANT IN MY COUNTRY? IF I RAISE MY ARM YOU DIE!

IF I DO, YOUR TRIBE WILL SUFFER TOO! I CAME FOR PEACE TALK CHEF, I HAVE SOLDIERS WITH ME!



THE GREAT WARRIOR'S EYES NARROWED. SOLDIERS HAD ALWAYS MEANT TRAPS TO THE APACHE...

I WON'T LET THEM DOUBLE CROSS ME, GERONIMO! TRUST ME!

I WILL SEE! I WILL SHOW MYSELF AGAIN WHEN YOU ARE WITH THE YELLOW LEG SOLDIERS!



IF YOU'RE SELLING US OUT CHEYENNE I...

DON'T BE STUPID, TURNER! AND, REMEMBER YOUR ORDERS! WE MEAN NO HARM TO GERONIMO!

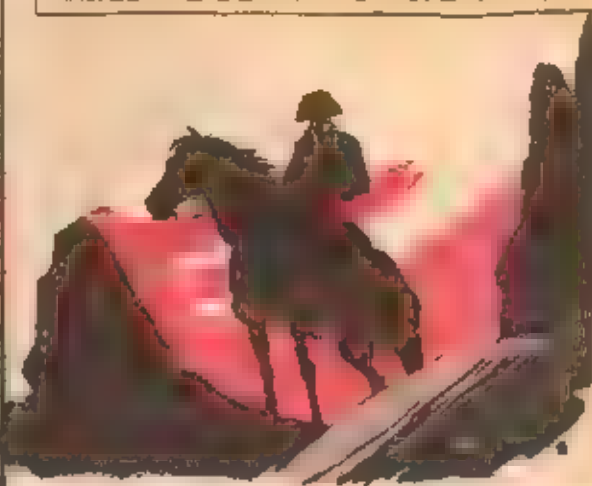


CHEYENNE KID

IF WE COULD FINISH OFF GERONIMO, WE'D BOTH GET PROMOTIONS! HE'D TRAP US IF HE COULD!

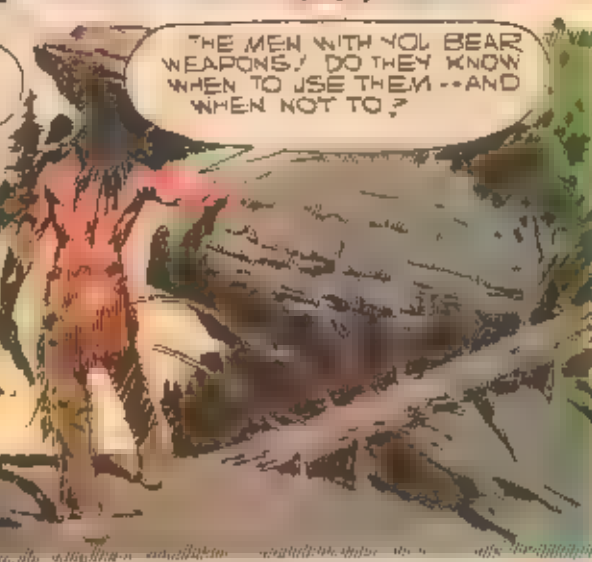
SHUT UP, SERGEANT! CHEYENNE JOES MIGHT HEAR YOU!

THE DETAIL RODE ON -- UNTIL THE CHEYENNE KID SENSING SOMETHING HALTED THE DETAIL. HE RODE ON ALONE.



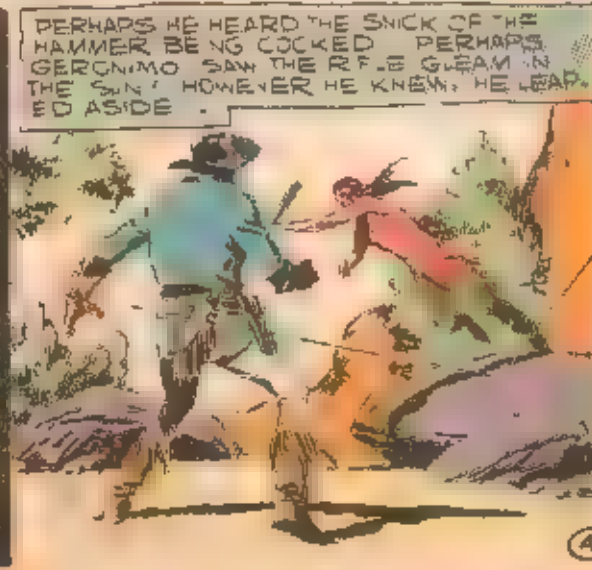
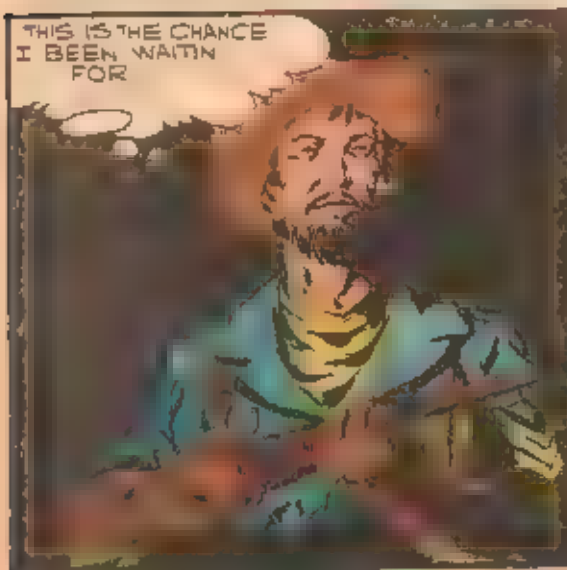
HOLD YOUR MEN, TURNER! WE COME IN PEACE, GERONIMO!

THE MEN WITH YOU BEAR WEAPONS! DO THEY KNOW WHEN TO USE THEM -- AND WHEN NOT TO?



THIS IS THE CHANCE I BEEN WAITIN' FOR

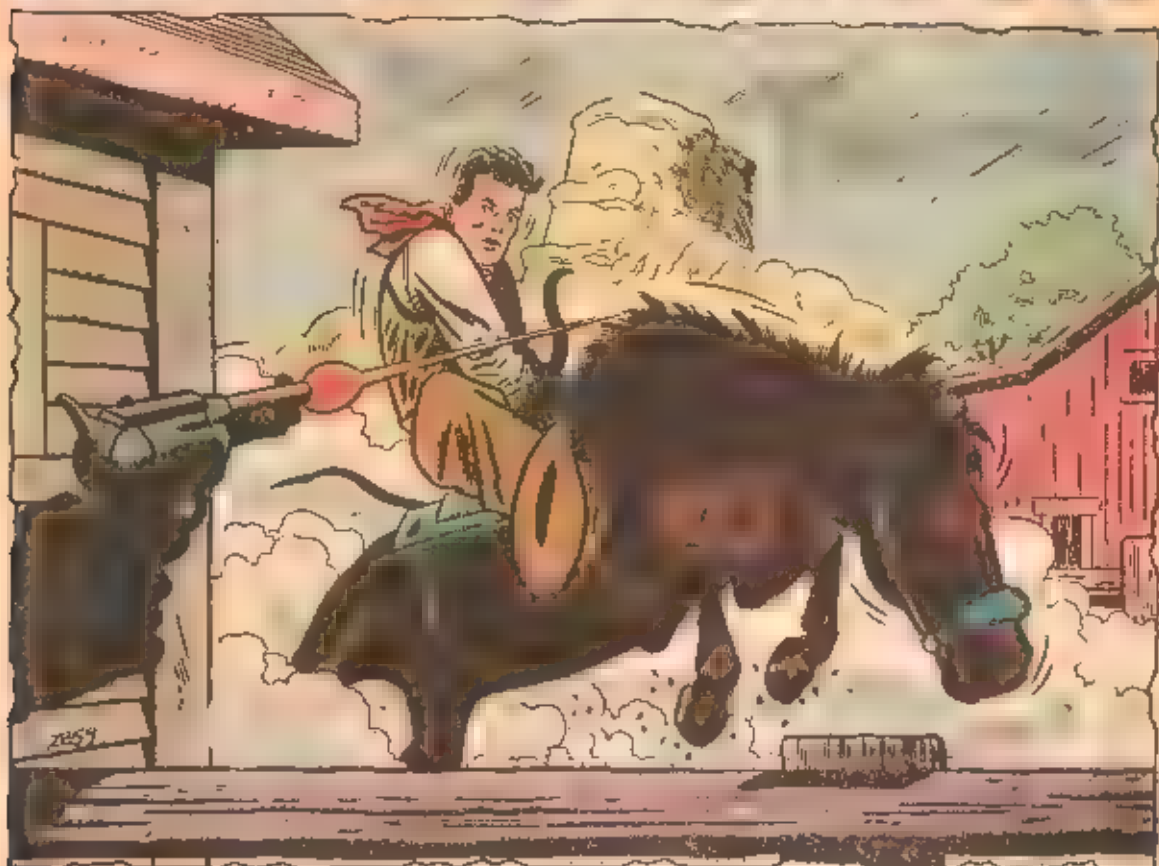
PERHAPS HE HEARD THE SNICK OF THE HAMMER BEING COCKED. PERHAPS GERONIMO SAW THE R.F.B. GLEAM IN THE SUN. HOWEVER HE KNEW, HE LEAPED ASIDE.



CHEYENNE KID

THE MAN THEY CALLED MUSTANG NEVER WORE GUNS. HE SAID HE DIDN'T NEED THEM TO TAME HORSES. AND HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT TAMING MEN! BUT OTTO KURTZ WOULDN'T LEAVE HIM ALONE AND OTTO LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT THE BRONC-STOMPER COULD HANDLE HUMAN OUTLAWS TOO!

BRONC-STOMPER



THE MAN THEY CALLED MUSTANG WAS GOOD AT HIS JOB! HE WORKED ON SHARES FOR DAVID NEVINS WHO PAID HIM WELL...

YOU'VE GOT A WAY WITH HORSES, MUSTANG! THIS ONE WAS WILD A WEEK AGO!

HORSES REACT TO KINDNESS, MR. NEVINS! THEY'RE BETTER THAN PEOPLE THAT WAY!

YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE MUSTANG! THERE'S A HARD CASE NAMED OTTO KURTZ WHO'LL BE HERE SOON! LET HIM HAVE A DOZEN HORSES, ANY THAT HE LIKES

I'VE HEARD OF KURTZ. DID HE BUY THE HORSES, NEVINS?



Mystify Your Friends! Baffle Your Family! You'll Astonish Them All!



250 MAGIC TRICKS REVEALED

**SPECIAL \$1.00
INTRODUCTORY
OFFER**

NOTHING EXTRA TO BUY!

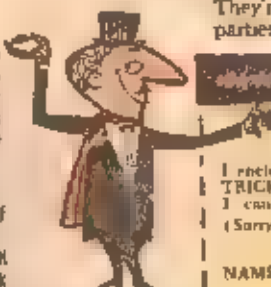
Every single trick is performed with everyday things you have around the house: coins, cards, balls, handkerchiefs, ropes, etc. The small price of \$1.00 is all you pay!

"POSITIVELY ASTONISHING"...

say people who have seen this collection. You'll be plucking coins from thin air! You'll cause cards to change their spots at your command! You'll hear the gasps of wonder as you do the world famous "Ind an Rope Trick." You'll actually do over 250 baffling tricks, including:

- The Vanishing Ball
- The Mind Reading Trick
- The Secret of Number 9
- Phantom Writing
- Growing Money Trick
- The Coin Lumping Trick
- Disappearing Handkerchief
- The Knot that Unknots Itself
- The Disappearing Coin
- Making a Ball Roll by Itself
- Miracle Card Jumping Trick
- The Phantom Money Trick, etc., etc.

HURRY! Supply is Limited!



ANYONE...6 TO 60...CAN PERFORM THESE FEATS OF MAGIC ONCE YOU KNOW THESE SECRETS! First time revealed. Our private collection from "Art the Magician." COMPLETE SECRETS REVEALED! Every single trick fully explained! You saw some of them on T.V. Many were performed by such master magicians as HOUDINI, THURSTON, etc. And now... YOU can do all of these famous magic tricks. They're fun! They're mystifying! Simply terrific for parties!

**MAGIC COLLECTION, DEPT. 1301,
220 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.**

I enclose \$1.00. Please RUSH my 250 MAGIC TRICKS postpaid. If the tricks don't work, I can return in 10 days for full refund. (Sorry, No C.O.D.'s.)

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FABULOUS NEW 5-Ft. Long Balloons

TWIST INTO A THOUSAND SHAPES!

GIRAFFES—DACHSHUNDS—PETS OF ALL KINDS

Made of Live Latex **200 for \$1** ADD 25c Postage & Handling

Delight Kiddies—Grown-Ups, Too!

Fantastically flexible Live Latex! Like no other balloons you've ever seen! Twist 'em, turn 'em, bend 'em—they won't break! Cut them in half or any size—twist and they re-seal! The kiddies will have a whale of a time making them into Davy Crockett hats, pretzels, giraffes, lions, fish—a whole zoo! You'll want them for unusual party or Recreation room decorations! Given up a party with a contest for making the funniest shape of all! Complete instructions.

Almost 5 feet long when inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25c each!

Send only \$1 now for 200 in a variety of gay colors! (Plus 25c for Postage and Handling.)

Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets NOW for GUARANTEED PROMPT DELIVERY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

MURRAY HILL HOUSE Dept. 1901
114 E. 32 St. New York 16, N. Y.



Now let's look at the young boy or girl of today. And we can also include the adult who never went on back of a horse. This group rides for PLEASURE! You want to enjoy yourself while on back of a horse. You might even dress up in a modern version of the "cowboy." Your cowboy boots may be expensive and well decorated and that Stetson may have even made a dent in your pocket book. But to enjoy yourself you must know how to ride.

You can be taught how to ride. Get this right into your skull. The so-called "natural" rider doesn't exist! Up where we ride in the country you hear a parent boast something like this: "My son is a natural rider. Born to it! Why as a five year old he used to go bareback on our horse. Nothing he can't do with a horse."

Applesauce! That kid just started early to remain on back of a horse. He may have picked up some good ideas and — also some bad ones about riding. There's a lot he can't do with horses. So you cheer up for you are going to learn to ride. Not in one day. It will take you a period of time. It would be swell if you could get an expert to help you. The only trouble is that you don't know whether or not the person is an expert. The fact that a person remains in the saddle doesn't make an expert out of him. And even if he is an expert rider — he or she must also be an expert teacher. A lot of the old timers I knew rarely ever gave a thought to the physical principles of skilled riding.

There's an old saying to the effect that the best writer on horseback riding is a horse. Unfortunately horses can't write. No doubt if they did they would be able to give us a lot of sound hints and valuable suggestions. Perhaps something like this:

"All I can do is to obey signals that have been taught to me. Honestly, I haven't the slightest idea in the world what you mean."

"In the movies you see horses do those tricks. Have a heart! I'm not a stunt horse. You want to ride, so ride."

"Maybe you are comfortable in that saddle. But I am having a tough time with it on my back. The fellow who designed that saddle ought to have given as much consideration to the horse as to the rider."

"You certainly are giving me a tough time. The ability to make work easy for a horse is the mark of a true horseman."

"Ever hear the word balance? Go find out about it. You sit on my back like a ton of bricks. I'm more uncomfortable than you are."

"You really ought to learn something about a horse. So that when you are talking you don't sound foolish."

Now, since you are going to sit in a saddle there should be some fundamental principles for you to remember that can be helpful.

Is there a single key that can make you a good rider? I would say that you have to understand that BALANCE is the key of skilled riding because it is also the first fundamental of a good seat. But balance alone isn't sufficient. And you can see why with a bit of thinking. You are riding on your horse. You have perfect balance. Suddenly that comes right smack up against a little squirrel you never even noticed. What then? You could be on the ground with your mount doing a run-away-stunt and not for your benefit.

Evidently you must be ready to apply a strong leg grip in this situation. And it must be done in a flash of a second, almost "instinctively." If you had to think about it or decide what to do it would be too late for action. Now you can learn to grip the wrong way, that is with the knees. I know that the chances are a lot of friends have told you to grip with your knees.

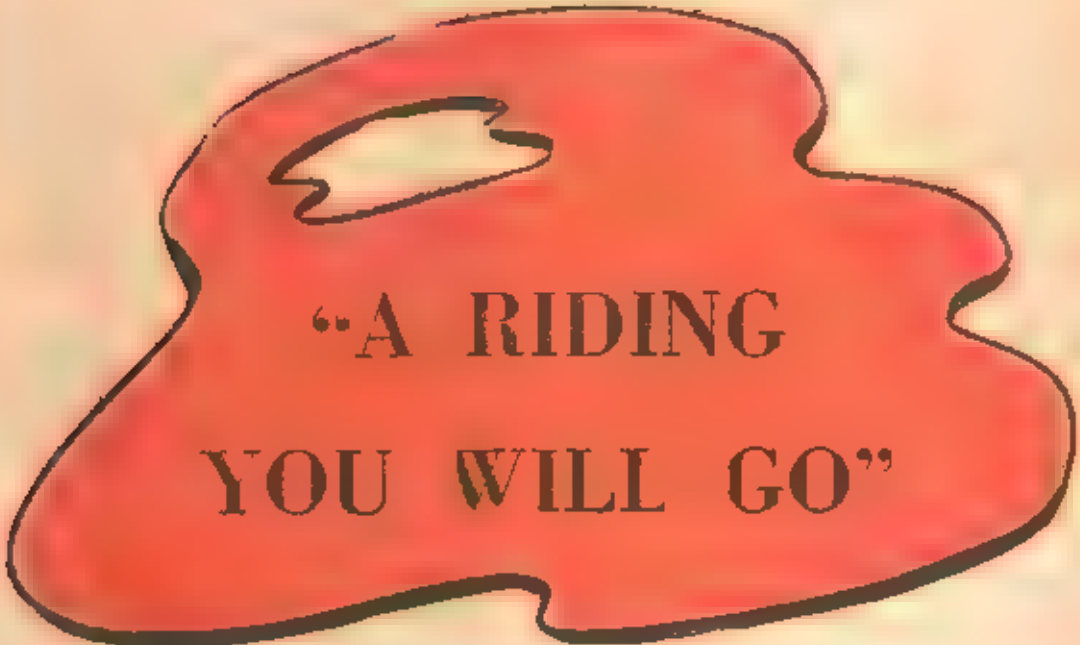
Actually you grip with your entire leg way down to the ankles. This is sound because you are using practically the entire length of the leg instead of just a portion. Got to have good muscles and you can develop them by using them. Yesterday what happened to me shouldn't even happen to the villain in the western fiction story. There was a 65 foot drop from the little bridge and my horse acted up. But I remained on his back. Not with a knee grip — for I would have been off the horse and off the bridge. But with an entire leg grip.

Something is missing from this discussion? Of course it is — now we come to it — the stirrups. Get the stirrups the proper length and you can use a foot grip and also have balance. Because with that proper stirrup length, in a flash of a second, you are ready for action with the foot in case something goes wrong.

In future articles we will take up other factors and one important one will be the handling of the reins. But at present we have you on your horses, your feet in the stirrup, and you have your head up. Keep your heels down an inch or two lower than the ball of your foot. It is the pressure of the ball of your foot in the stirrup that does the trick. Your feet are not flapping away from the horse for if they do — how can you be ready for the emergency? Your legs are really where they should be — snug against the horse's sides and almost to the ankles.

So you are now ready. But don't — if you are a boy — go out with your girl yet to show how wonderful a rider you are. Do the riding by yourself and with a good teacher. It is possible that she is doing the same thing at the same time at another riding academy. Anyway, until the next article, pleasant riding, pardner.

THE END



"A RIDING YOU WILL GO"

During the week days I do my western riding at a local place within five minutes from my home. I get up early in the morning and Bucky is ready for me at the stable. I got out for an hour's ride. Back home and a shower and ready to do my western fiction and true articles the balance of the day. Over the week ends I go up country to some of the Dude ranches and other riding establishments.

At the start of this week, Dickie's mother came to me with a "sad tale of woe. 'My son would like to ride western, but you know what I mean. He just isn't a born rider. Too bad.'"

I get this story over and over again. It is just plain nonsense! You aren't born a rider. And don't tell me about the Indians because I have Indian blood in my veins. The redskin couldn't be a born rider because for centuries his culture was horseless! This is a historical fact. Strictly speaking, the first American horses were those of whose fossil remains, Clark Wissler has written about with learning and authority. Those animals vanished from the scene many years ago. If you go to a museum you can get an idea of what they once looked like. Horses began in this country in the sixteenth century.

The Spaniards brought them to the New World. At the start the natives here could hardly distinguish between rider and horse. Both had armor. Later they could see that the rider was one creature and the horse another. Horses were valuable. When Cortez set out from Cuba a good horse was worth four to five hundred gold pesos. A lot of money in those days and in these!

The experts disagree on how the Indians got

those early horses. Some like to say that horses escaped from the Spaniards and went wild, increased in numbers and were later captured by the Indians. Other experts say those horses could never have survived by themselves against stronger natural foes. So they were either stolen or traded for by the Indians.

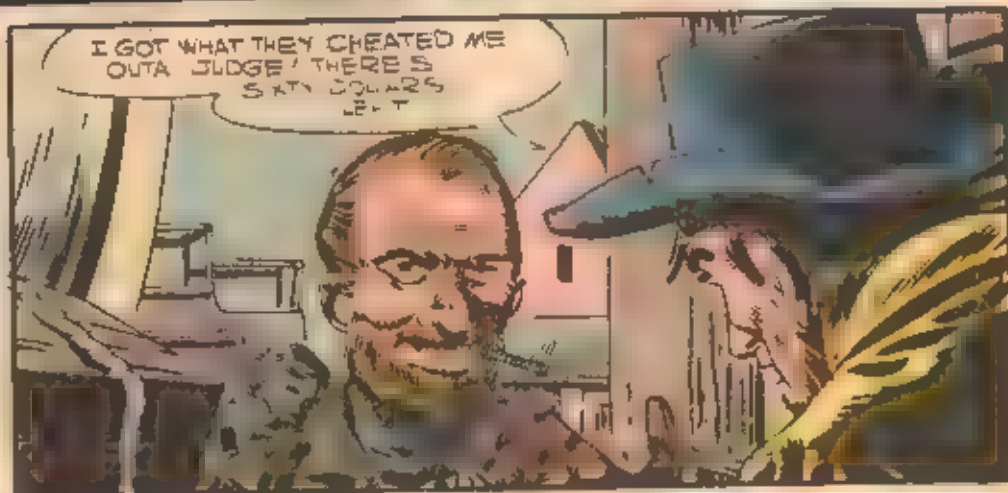
When the Indians got those horses they had to take care of them and break them in for riding or for transportation. Now right here is the essential difference between the Cowboy and the Indian on one side and the young boy or girl on the other side. That first group rode a horse for WORK! The cowboy used his horse as a unit of WORK. It took him all around the ranch and the surrounding territory. It took him to town. It was essentially a method of transportation. Then he used it to check on the cattle, in the round up, in the drive, and in roping the creatures. Actually the life on the saddle was a sort of 'home' for the cowboy. I have spoken to old timers and you'd be surprised to learn how many hours a day they lived in the saddle.

The Indian used his horse for raids on other tribes as well as on white settlements. He used it when he went hunting for the buffalo. He used it for the travois. All this was WORK! Among the Blackfoot it was customary for a young single or married man to break his own horses. Teen-aged boys broke those horses belonging to the older members of their families. Boys with plenty of nerve began breaking horses at 12 or 13 years of age. Others did not try it until they were in the middle or later teens. There were even a few who were afraid to break horses and never did.

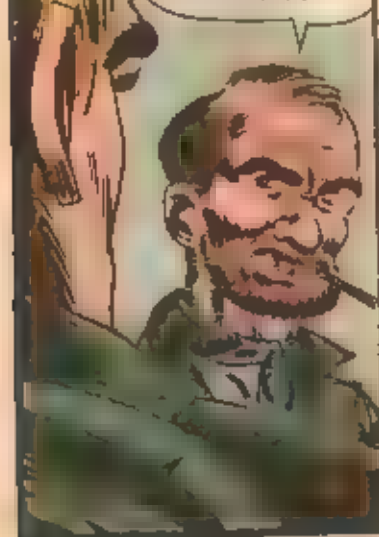
CHEYENNE KID



THE
THREE
CRIM
GANGERS
WAS
FIRST
SEARCHED
THEN
PUT TO
WORK
TURNING
ING THING
STAGIRING
COWS
HORSES!
JUDGE
BEAN
WAS
COUNTING
MONEY...



THAT'S FINE I HEREBY
FINE EM THEN 4 DOLLARS
APICE FOR CHEAT-
ING AN IGNORANT
MAN



IN ADDITION I DECIDE
THEY GOTTA GET OUTA THE
PECOS TERRITORY
IF THEY CHEAT N HERE
AGAIN YOU'LL END UP
N BOOT HILL



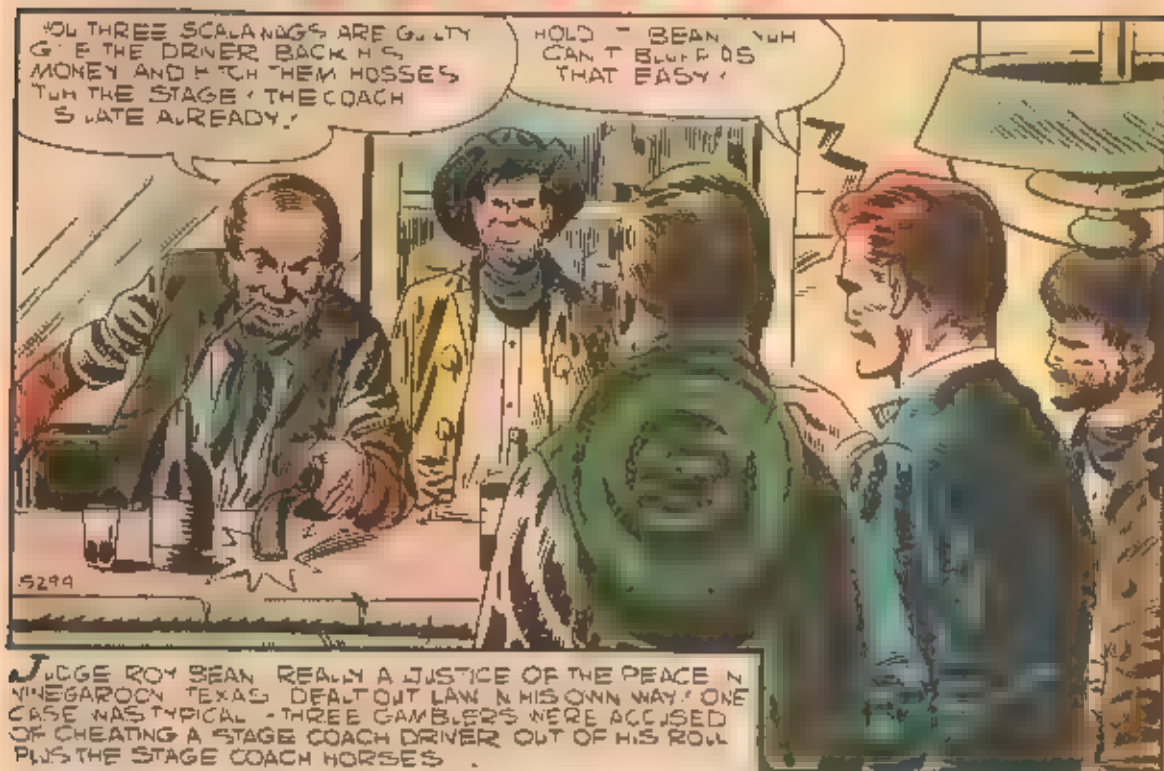
THAT WAS JUDGE BEAN'S
JUSTICE / CRUDE BUT
EFFECTIVE...

COURT'S
ADJOURNED -- DRINK UP,
EVERYBODY / THEM TRIALS
SLOW BUSINESS DOWN
TO A STANDSTILL



END

CHEYENNE KID JUDGE BEAN'S *JUSTICE*

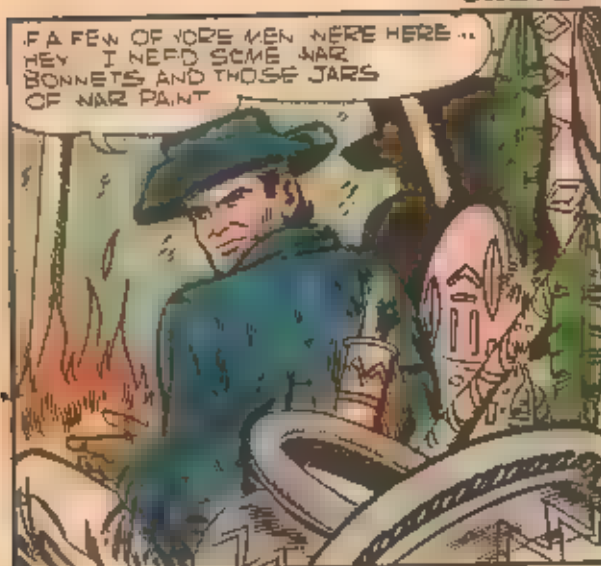


CHEYENNE KID



END

CHEYENNE KID



A FEW OF MORE MEN WERE HERE...
HEY, I NEED SOME WAR
BONNETS AND THOSE JARS
OF WAR PAINT.



WHY DOES MY
WHITE BROTHER
PAINT FOR WAR?

I WANT A LOOK INJUN--
I WANT TO LOOK LIKE
HALF A DOZEN DIFFER-
ENT INJUNS. GET ME
A BON AND ARROWS
QUICK! AND A
LANCE!

SLOANE AND HIS GANG CAME ON FAST. THEY
HAD SEEN THE TRACKS AND KNEW THE
BRAVES WERE AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE...

WE'LL RUSH EM. THERE'S ONLY
SQUAWS AND KIDS THERE.



SLOANE'S MEN RODE N' SHOOTING. A BRAVE
ROSE FROM BEHIND A ROCK TOOK A.M.
AND...

I THOUGHT YOU SAID
THE BRAVES WERE...

Z NG!



THE OUTLAWS PAUSED... AND FROM ANOTHER
ROCK...

I WAS GOOD AT THIS WHEN
I LIVED WITH THE CHEYENNES!
AND SLOANE WILL THINK I'M
ANOTHER INDIAN BRAVE!



I'M LICKED! THERE'S AN NOUN
SHARPSHOOTER BEHIND EVERY
ROCK! SLOANE LED US INTO
A TRAP!



CHEYENNE KID



SLOANE WENT FOR HIS GUN BUT CHEYENNE DISREGARDED HIM. HE TURNED AND...

I'LL GET THIS ONE FIRST!



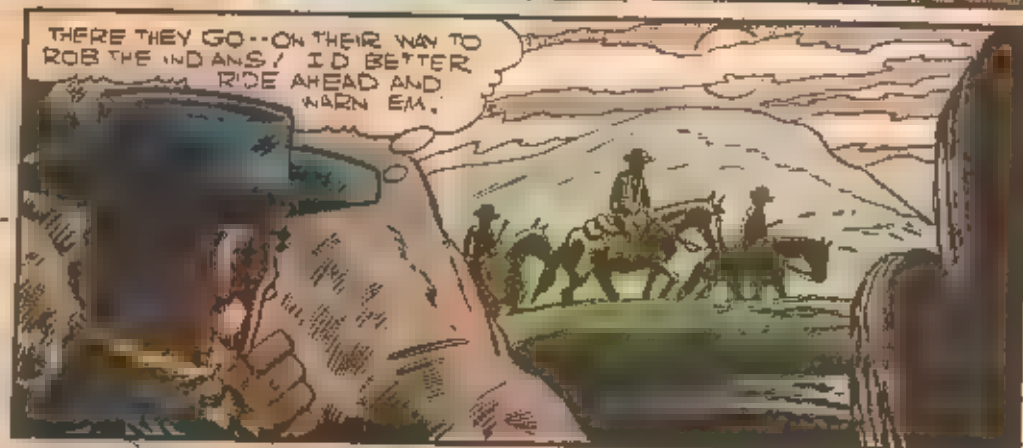
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, SLOANE!



DON'T GO NEAR THE INDIAN VILLAGE, SLOANE! THEY'LL BE WAITIN' FOR YOU IF YOU GO!

WE'LL HANDLE EM CHEYENNE, AND YOU TOO. MY GUN HAND AIN'T RUINED.

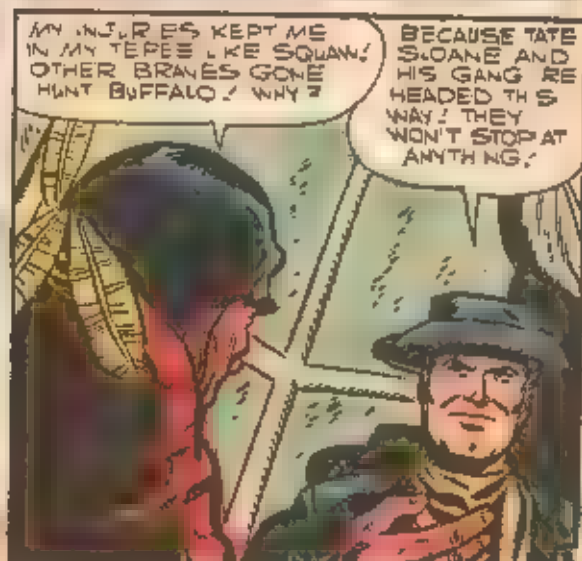
THE CHEYENNE KID KNEW HE'D FAILED! SLOANE WAS DETERMINED TO GET THE INDIAN GOLD VEIN FOR HIMSELF...



THERE THEY GO--ON THEIR WAY TO ROB THE INDIANS! I'D BETTER RIDE AHEAD AND WARN EM.



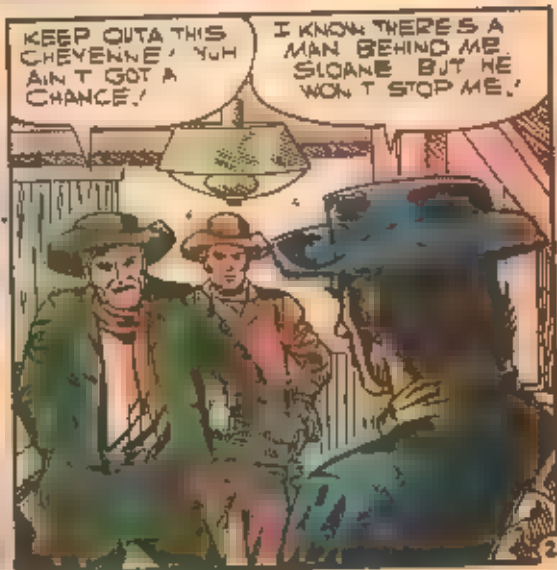
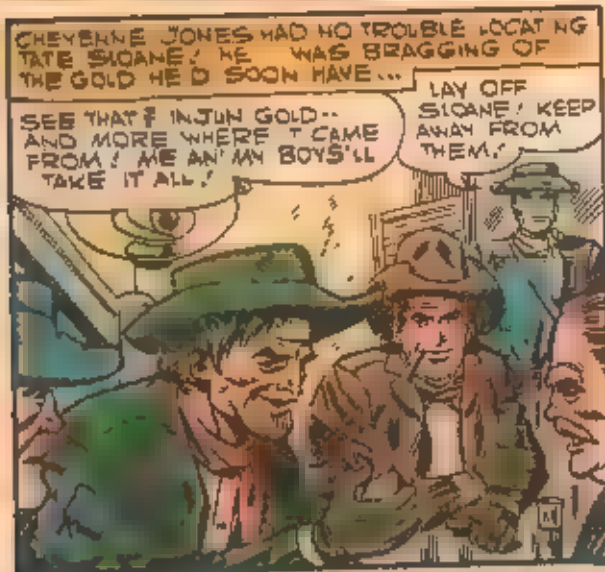
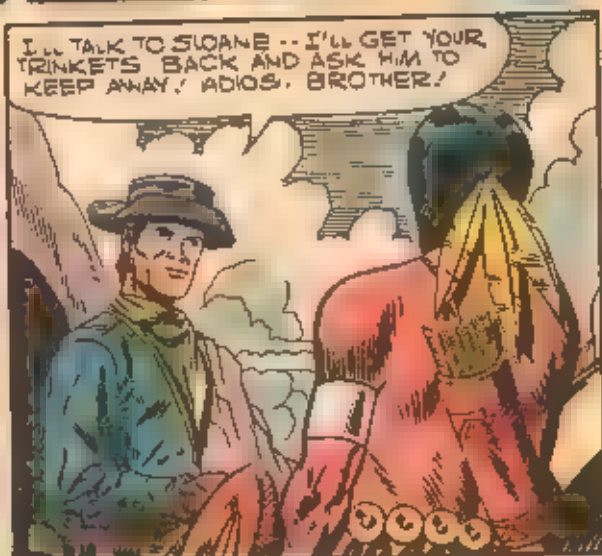
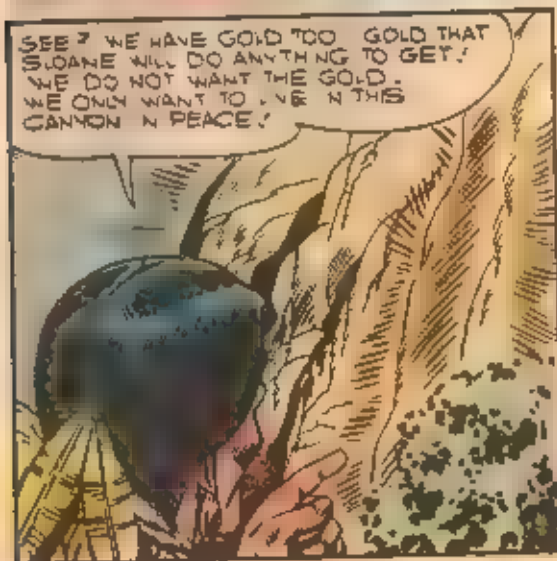
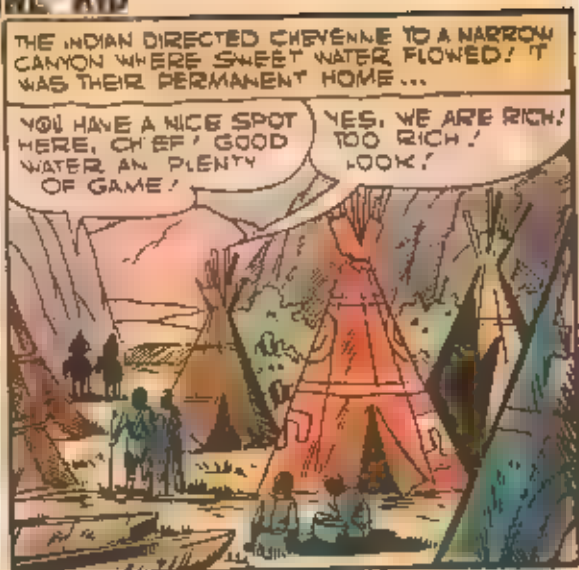
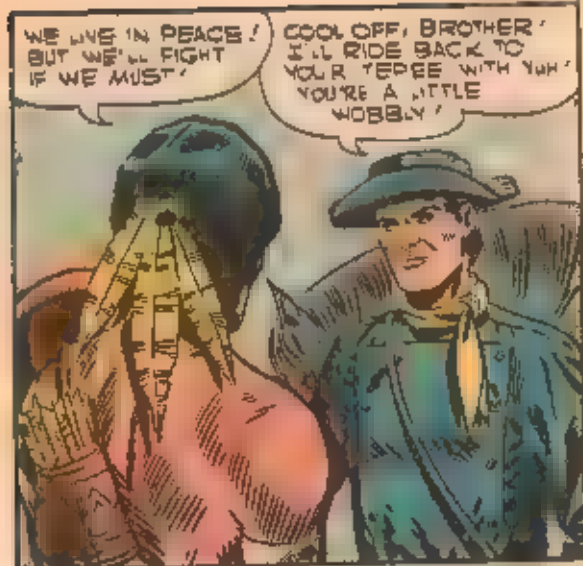
THE INDIANS HAVE NO GUARDS POSTED! THEY WILL AFTER I TELL 'EM ABOUT SLOANE!



MY INJURIES KEPT ME IN MY TEPEE LIKE SQUAW! OTHER BRAVES GONE HUNT BUFFALO! WHY?

BECAUSE TATE SLOANE AND HIS GANG'RE HEADED THIS WAY! THEY WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING!

CHEYENNE KID

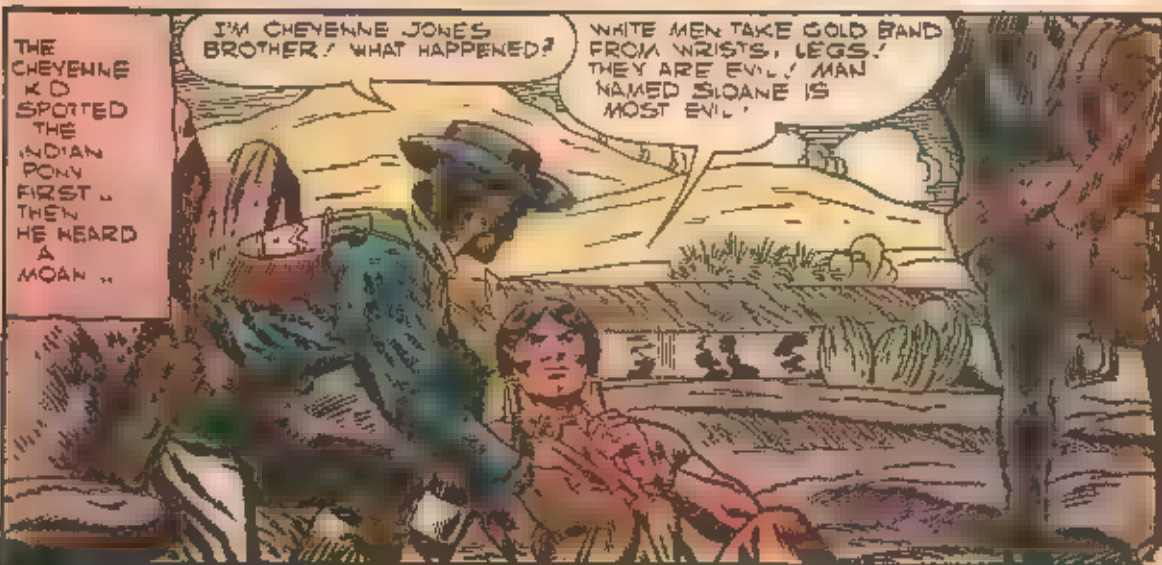


CHEYENNE KID

CHEYENNE KID

IATE SLOANE'S GUNSLINGERS HAD
SEEN THE GOLD - AND THEY KNEW THE
BRAVES WERE OUT HUNTING BUFFALO.
IT SEEMED A SIMPLE MATTER TO RUSH
THE CAMP...UNTIL THEY RAN INTO
CHEYENNE JONES...

THE ONE MAN WAR PARTY



CHEYENNE KID

THE TRAPPER WAS CAUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN. HE HAD NO CHANCE SO HE DIDN'T TRY TO RUN...

YOU GONNA HOLD ME OR LET ME GO, CHIEF?

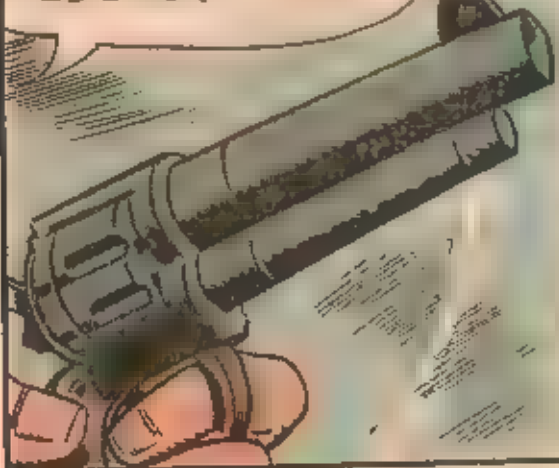


WHY SHOULD I LET YOU GO? YOU KILL OUR GAME FASTER THAN TEN OF OUR MEN!

LOOK, CHIEF, YOU WON'T GET MY SCALP FOR TWO REASONS...

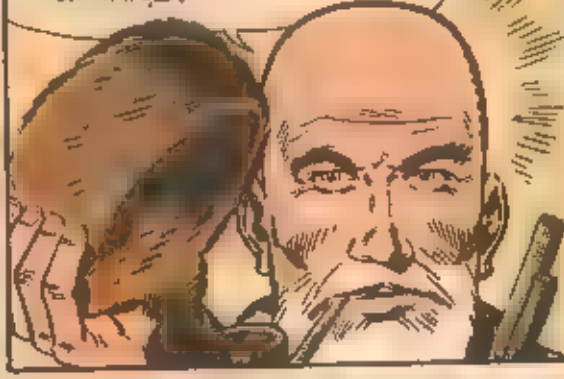


THIS IS ONE REASON CHIEF! BEFORE YOU COULD MOVE A FINGER I'D SHOOT!



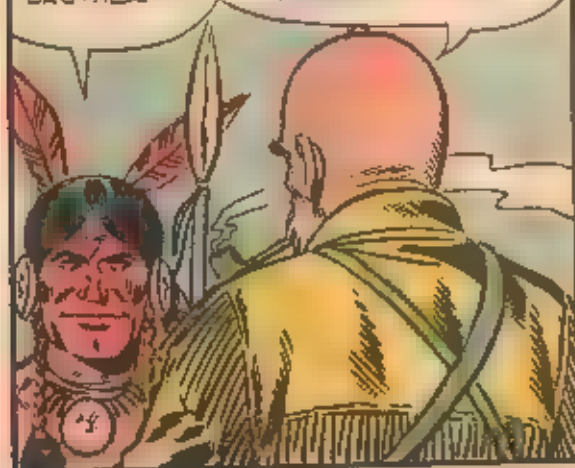
IT WAS A TENSE MOMENT. THE CHIEF COULD LET DICK EAGLES GET AWAY WITH A THREAT AND DICK KNEW IT SO HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT...

THIS IS THE OTHER REASON! I GOT NO SCALP FOR YOU TO TAKE!



YOU CAN TRAP IN PEACE, WHITE BROTHER!

THAT'S BETTER! I SURE THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO FIGHT YOU GET OUT OF HERE!



THOSE FIRST FEW THE ONES WHO WENT BEFORE WERE UNUSUAL MEN. THEY WERE TOUGH, FEARLESS AND DEADLY IN BATTLE. THE SETTLERS WHO CAME LATER PROFITED. THE INDIANS THOUGHT THEY WERE OF THE SAME BREED...

I'M SURPRISED! THESE INDIANS RESPECT US!

ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS. ONE OF THESE DAYS THEY'RE GONNA LEARN THAT YOU GUYS ARE DIFFERENT!



END

CHEYENNE KID

THEY WENT BEFORE

BEFORE THE SETTLERS ROLLED WEST BEFORE THE RAILROADS
EVEN BEFORE THE EXPLORERS RECORDED THE DETAILS WEST OF
THE MISSISSIPPI... THE LONG KNIVES WERE THERE, TRAPPING THE
BEAVER AND OTTER, LIVING ALONE IN CONSTANT DANGER AND
JOYING IT!



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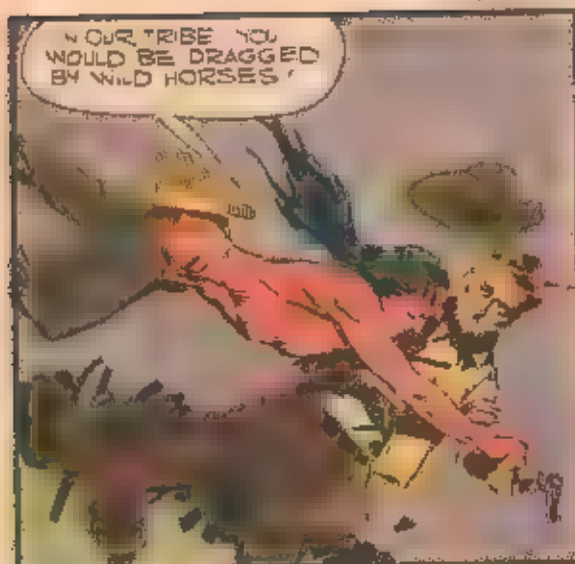


DICK EAGLES WAS ONE OF A HANDFUL... MEN WHO FEARED NEITHER THE COUNTRY NOR THE INDIANS...

THE NJUNS ARE PUTTY THICK AROUND HERE! I RECKON I'D BETTER MOSEY NORTH TOW'N THE BIG HORN A WHILE!



CHEYENNE KID



"OUR TRIBE YOU WOULD BE DRAGGED BY WILD HORSES!"



"WATCH THE OTHER ONE, GERONIMO!"

"TURNER'S MEN STARTED AS THE TWO TRADERS TOOK THE R PUNISHMENT HE - EUTENANT DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO"

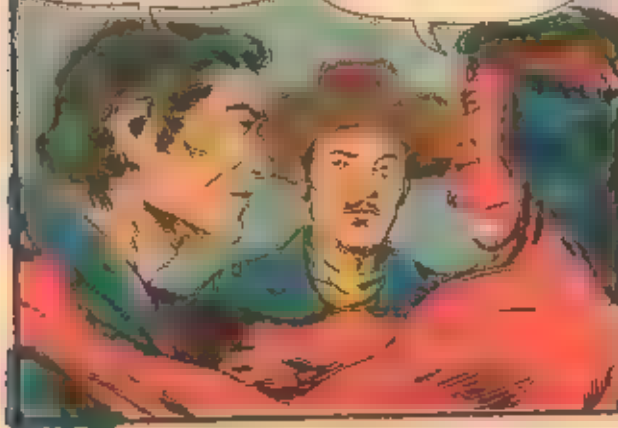
"STOP - JONES I'M HERE TO PROTECT WHITE MEN ESPECIALLY TRADERS"

"NO YOU'RE NOT TURNER YOU'RE HERE TO KEEP THE PEACE - I MEN LIKE THESE TRY TO START TROUBLE PUT EM UNDER ARREST"



"I'M GOING BACK WITH GERONIMO - TELL HE CO. ONE I LIKE MY DUTIES FINE LET'S GO CHEF!"

"HE W. MAKE AN APACHE OF A SET HE STOU BRAVE TO BE ONLY A CHEYENNE!"



"RACE YOU TWO THE BLTTE CHEF! YP YD YAAHOOO."

"HE'S MORE INDIAN THAN GERONIMO AND TWICE AS TOUGH I HOPE HE NEVER GETS REALLY MAD AT ME!"



FOR PART III SEE THE LAST STORY

CHEYENNE KID

RIDE WITH ME, GERONIMO!
I WILL SHOW YOU HOW WE
HANDLE COYOTES LIKE
THEM! I'M PRETTY
SURE IT'S BARLOW AN
PASCH, TWO TRADERS!



THE CHEYENNE KID AND GERONIMO FOUND THE TRADERS'
TRAIL. THEY HAD ALREADY JOINED J. TURNER'S DE-
TACHMENT AT A SPRING..



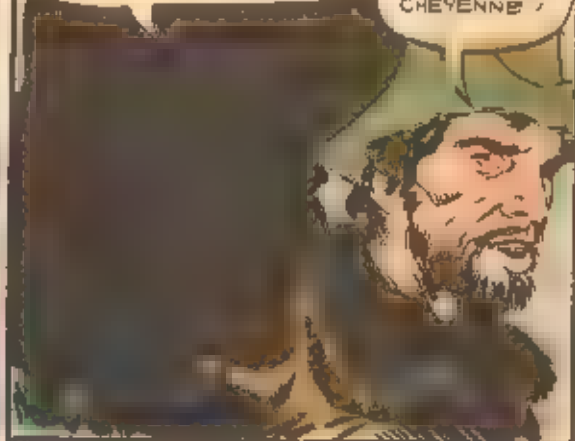
THAT'S GERONIMO
ISN'T IT? WHY'D
YOU BRING HIM
HERE?

WE'RE GONNA
SKIN A COUPLE
OF SNAKES!
BARLOW AN
PASCH!



NO! NO P.S.T. WHIPPED
A WARRIOR THIS MORN'N!
BARLOW! WHY?

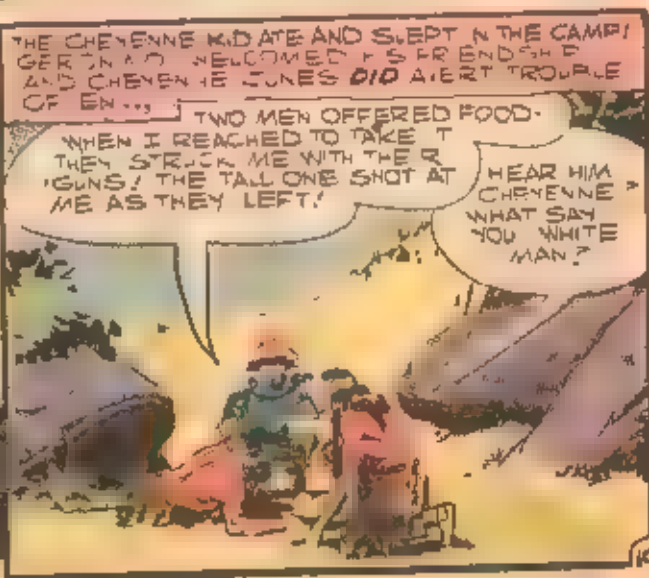
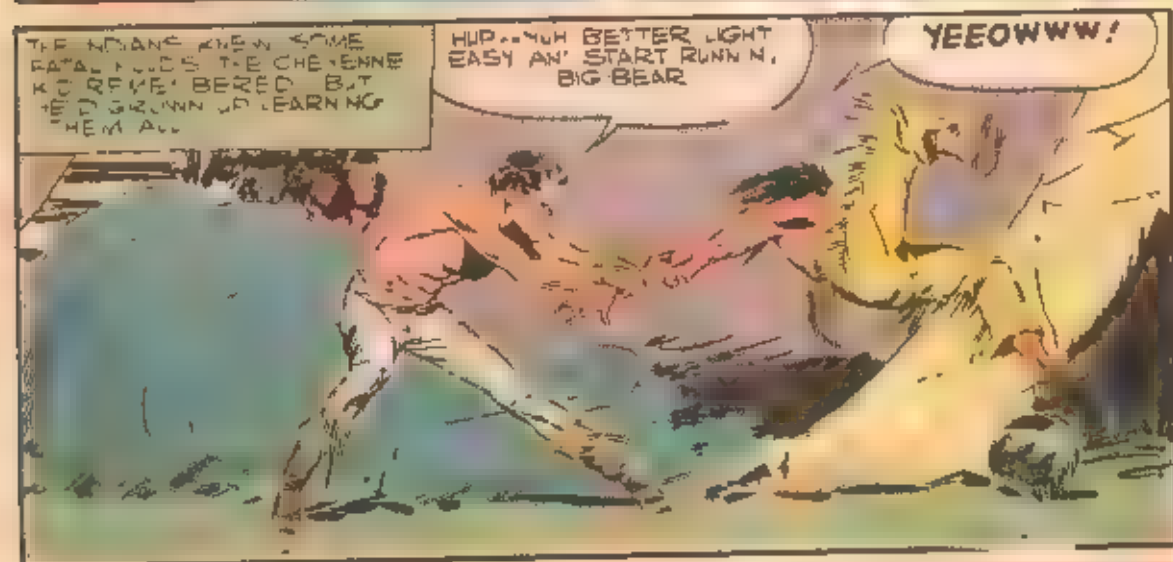
THAT'S OUR
BUSINESS!
GET AWAY
FROM US
CHEYENNE!



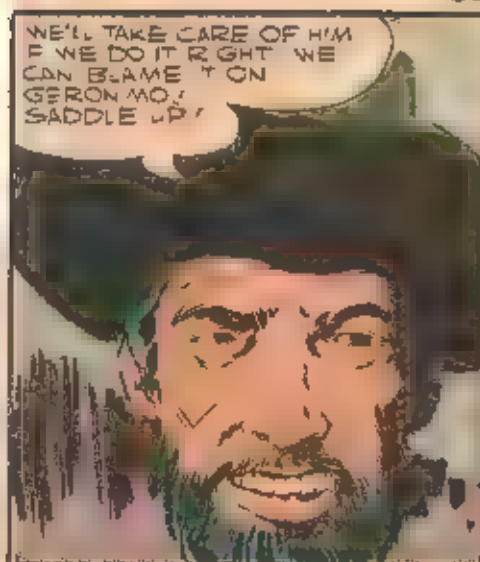
BARLOW NEVER HAD A
CHANCE TO DUCK! THE
CHEYENNE KID DISRE-
GARDED PASCH WHO
WAS GOING FOR HIS
GUN..



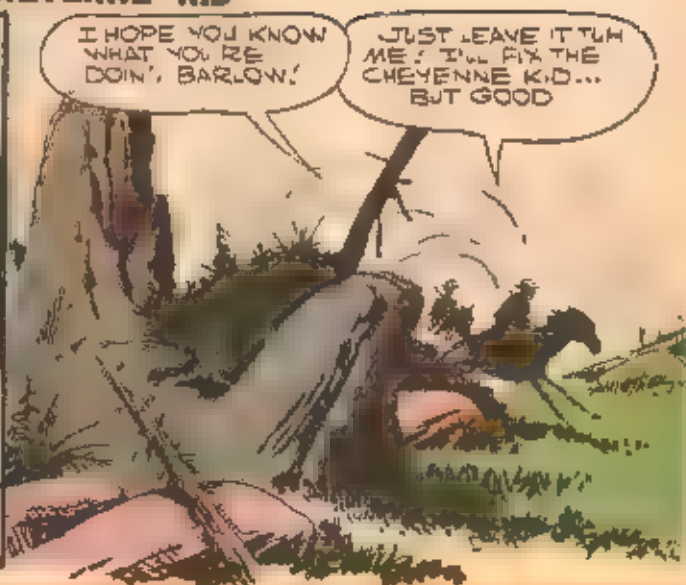
CHEYENNE KID



CHEYENNE KID

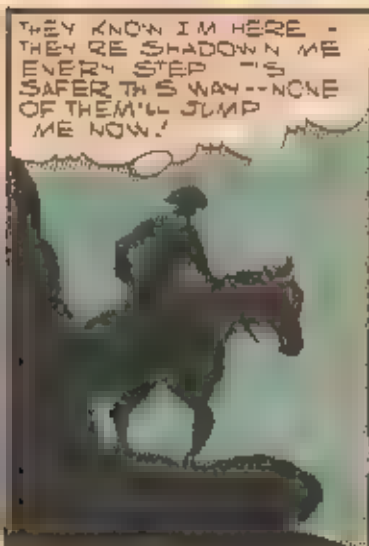


WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM
IF WE DO IT RIGHT WE
CAN BLAME IT ON
GERONIMO'S
SADDLE UP!



I HOPE YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOIN', BARLOW!

JUST LEAVE IT TO
ME! I'LL FIX THE
CHEYENNE KID...
BUT GOOD



THEY KNOW I'M HERE -
THEY'RE SHADOWING ME
EVERY STEP - IT'S
SAFER THIS WAY - NONE
OF THEM'LL JUMP
ME NOW!

HE KNEW OF GERONIMO'S STRONGHOLD - THE PLACE OF
BIG MEDICINE. HE RODE THERE UNMOLESTED - AN ARMY
WOULD'VE BEEN DRIVEN BACK

WELCOME CHEYENNE YOU'R DE
WITH THE STEALTH OF A COYOTE
MY SENTRIES DID NOT
SEE YOU!

YOU'RE KIDDIN'
GERONIMO! YOUR
BOYS HAVE BEEN
TRAININ' ME ALL
DAY! GOT WATER?
I'M REAL DRY!



AT GERONIMO'S ORDER
A FEAST WAS GIVEN IN
THE CHEYENNE KID'S
HONOR THAT NIGHT.



YOUR BRAVES
ARE STRONG.
THEY FIGHT WELL

I HAVE BESTED
THEM ALL IN COMBAT!
YOU, WHITE WARRIOR
YOU ARE STRONG!
WILL YOU WRESTLE
ONE OF MY BRAVES?

CHEYENNE KID

GERONIMO WON'T GO BACK ON HIS WORD! HE'S AN HONORABLE MAN!

HE MIGHT CHEYENNE. HERE'S MY PLAN-- YOU GO BACK TO GERONIMO, WITH YOU AROUND TO REMIND HIM HE'LL REMEMBER HIS PROMISE OF PEACE!

COLONEL, YOU KNOW THEM ROCKS ARE FULL OF APACHES, PAINTED FOR WAR! SOME OF THEM MIGHT DISOBEY GERONIMO AND JUMP ME

I KNEW HE'D BACK DOWN! THE CHEYENNE KID IS JUST A BLOWHARD AFTER ALL!

TAKE IT BACK, FANCY-PANTS OR I'LL MOP UP THIS FORT WITH YOU

I TAKE IT BACK, CHEYENNE! I WAS JOKING!

PERHAPS I WAS HASTY ASKING YOU THAT! FORGET IT CHEYENNE

NO, COLONEL! I'LL GO! I CAN PROBABLY DO MORE GOOD OUT THERE WITH GERONIMO!

AN ASSOCIATE WITH NICER PEOPLE! I DON'T MEAN YOU, COLONEL

THE WORD SPREAD THAT THE CHEYENNE KID WAS RIDING OUT ALONE! TWO MEN DIDN'T LIKE THE NEWS! THEY WERE INDIAN TRADERS BARLOW AND PASCH...

HEAR THE NEWS, MIKE? THAT CHEYENNE KID'S BAD FOR BUSINESS!

YEAH BARLOW! WE CAN'T NEEDLE THE APACHE INTO WAR WITH HIM AROUND!

CHEYENNE KID

CHEYENNE KID

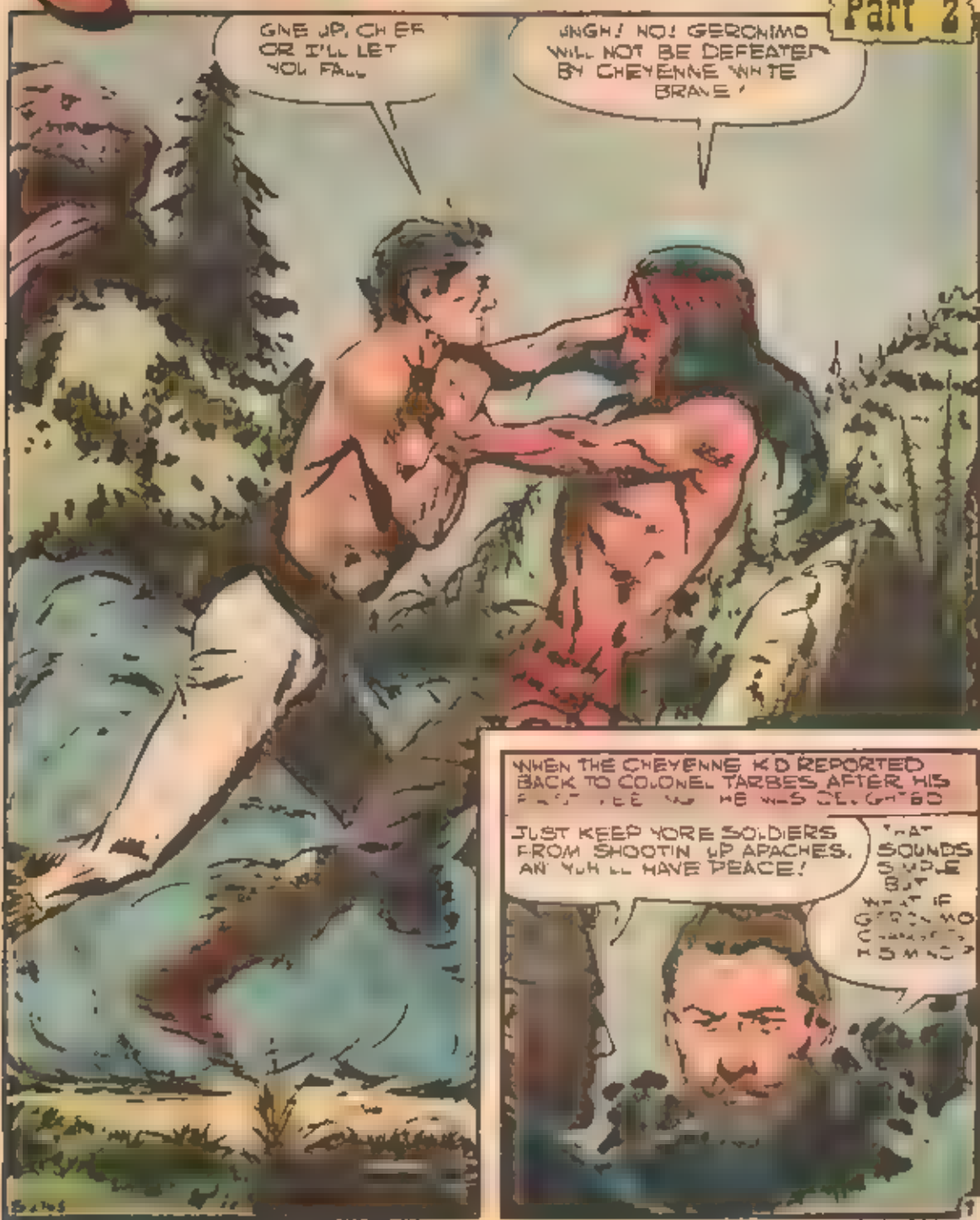
GERONIMO'S CHALLENGE

THE APACHES HAD ELECTED GERONIMO WAR CHIEF OF ALL THE TRIBES -- HE WAS THE FIERCEST OF THEM ALL IN BATTLE! HE BOASTED THAT HE COULD BEAT ANY WARRIOR IN HIS TRIBE IN COMBAT, USING ANY WEAPON THEY CHOSE! AND HE ALWAYS WON, UNTIL HE CHALLENGED THE CHEYENNE KID!

Part 2

GET UP, CHEF
OR I'LL LET
YOU FALL

UGH! NO! GERONIMO
WILL NOT BE DEFEATED
BY CHEYENNE WHITE
BRAVE!



WHEN THE CHEYENNE KID REPORTED
BACK TO COLONEL TARBE AFTER HIS
FIGHT, HE WAS DELIGHTED

JUST KEEP YOUR SOLDIERS
FROM SHOOTING UP APACHES.
AND YOU'LL HAVE PEACE!

THAT
SOUNDS
SIMPLE
BUT

WHAT IF
GERONIMO
CHALLENGES
THE KID?



CHEYENNE KID

GERON MO CAUGHT IN THE OPEN. DON'T RUN FOR SHELTER! HE FACED THEM PROUDLY FIRING COOLLY AT HIS HATED FOE...



NO YUH DON'T HOMBRE!



WATCH - GERONIMO!



THE BATTLE LASTED ONLY A FEW MINUTES... BUT GERON MO'S ANCIENT ENEMIES SUFFERED A SHARP DEFEAT...

WITHOUT YOUR HELP CHEYENNE, THEY MIGHT HAVE TAKEN ME!

THE ARMY DETAIL FOUGHT SHARP TOO! GERONIMO! MAYBE NOW YUH LI LISTEN TO SOME PEACE TALK



THE CHEYENNE KID MADE NO DEMANDS. HE ASKED GERON MO TO INSTRUCT HIS WARRIORS TO STOP RAIDING AMERICAN FORTS AND WAGON TRAINS! THE APACHE CHIEF READILY AGREED...

MY MEN WILL MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE... BUT REMEMBER OTHERS MAY AND THEY WILL TRY TO BLAME MY BEDONKHO WARRIORS!

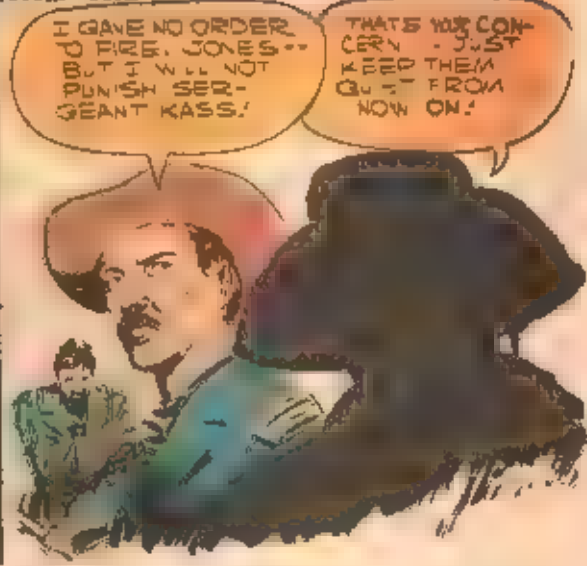
I'LL WARN THE COLONEL OF THAT GERON MO. WHEN NEXT WE MEET I HOPE WE MEET AS FRIENDS! ADIOS, AMIGO!



CHEYENNE KID

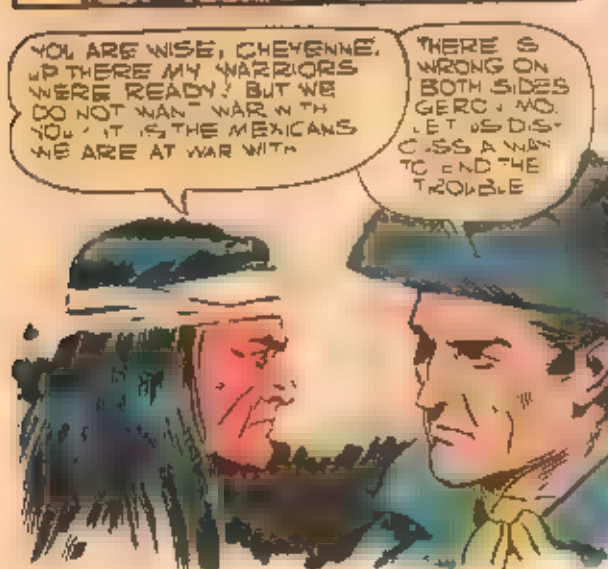


I WARNED YEH YEH FOOLS! IF GERONIMO GAVE THE SIGNAL WE'D ALL DIE HERE!



I GAVE NO ORDER TO FIRE. JONES -- BUT HE'LL NOT DENY HE WENT -- GRANT KASS!

THAT'S MY CONFIDENCE -- JUST KEEP THEM QUIET FROM NOW ON!



YOU ARE WISE, CHEYENNE! IF THERE MY WARRIORS WERE READY! BUT WE DO NOT WANT WAR WITH YOU -- IT IS THE MEXICANS WE ARE AT WAR WITH

THERE IS WRONG ON BOTH SIDES GERONIMO! LET US DISCUSS A WAY TO END THE TROUBLE



THE APACHE ARE SHOOTING FROM THE ROCKS

SHUT UP YOU FOOL! SILENCE GERONIMO!

NO! THERE ARE NO APACHE RANGERS HERE! THEY ARE FIRING ON US!



IN MEXICO SOME LEADERS HAD PRIVATE ARMIES. IT WAS THESE WHO WARRIED WITH GERONIMO -- AND IT WAS ONE OF THESE BANDS WHO ATTACKED THEM..

CHEYENNE KID

NO, MUSTANG, HE
DIDN'T IT'S, IT'S
BETTER THIS WAY,
THAT'S ALL!

I GUESS I UNDERSTAND,
NEVINS! I'LL LET KURTZ
HAVE HIS PICK!



THE BRONC STOMPER WAS BUSY AT HIS TRADE WHEN
OTTO KURTZ APPEARED! HE HAD TWO GUNSLINGERS
WITH HIM

I'LL TAKE THE
BEST HORSES NEVINS GOT
MUSTANG! THAT ONE YOU'RE
LEADIN' WILL DO FOR ONE!

I GENTLED THIS
ONE FOR MYSELF,
KURTZ! PICK
AGAIN



YOU HEARD THE
BOSS, BUSTER!

GUN 'IM IF HE MAKES A
MOVE, ART! C'MERE, YOU!



THE BRONC STOMPER RESPECTED THE STEADY COIT...
UNTIL OTTO BEGAN MANHANDLING THE COIT!

CUT THAT OUT! LAY
OFF, KURTZ!

EASY, BUDDY
EASY, OR...



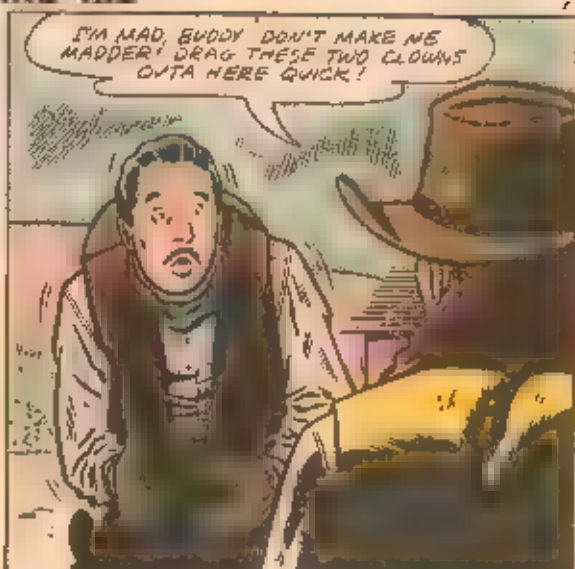
OR
WHAT?



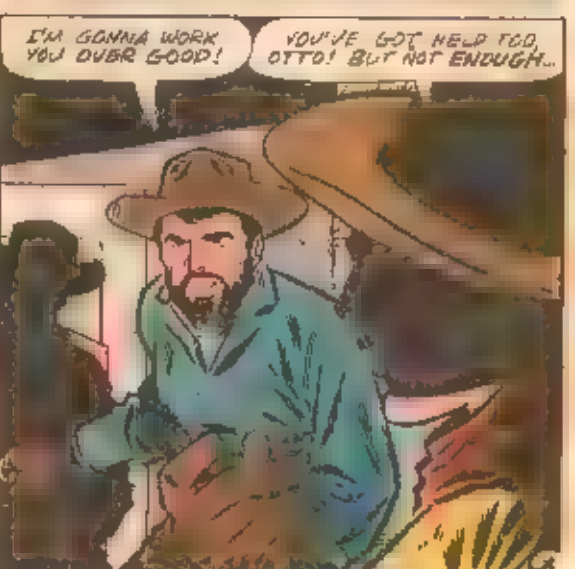
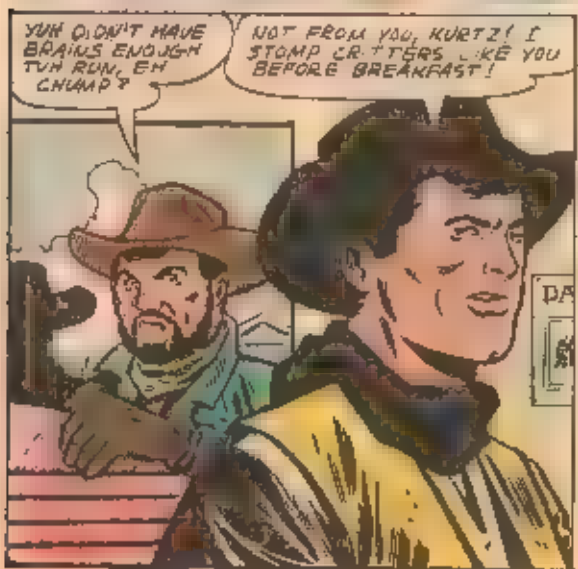
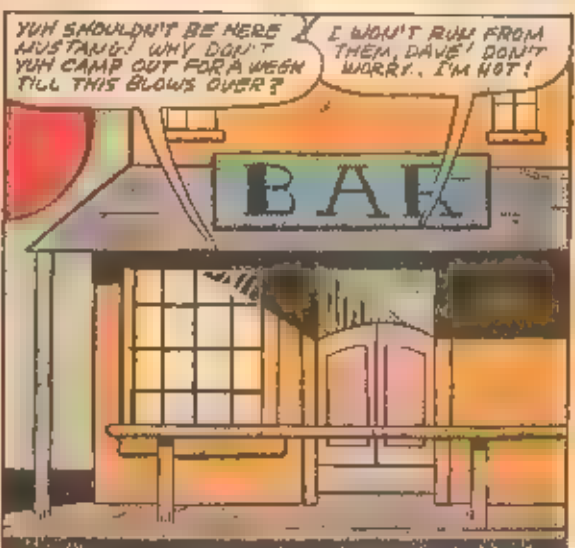
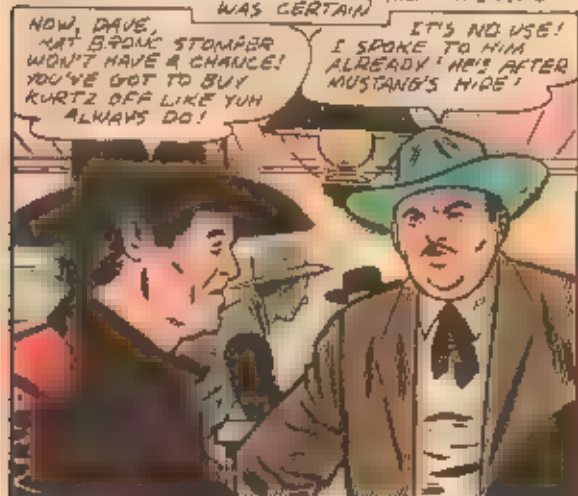
I SAID TUN
STOP, KURTZ!



CHEYENNE KID

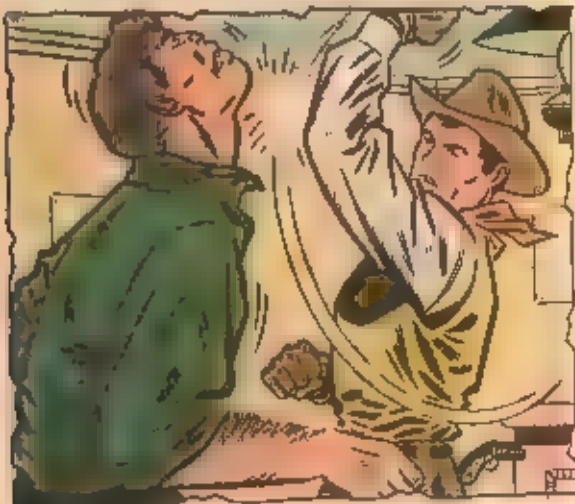


THE WORD SPREAD FAST. THE BEAK STOMPER HAD ROUGHED UP OTTO KURTZ AND HIS MEN! HIS FATE WAS CERTAIN



GHEYENNE KID

ONE OF OTTO'S MEN HAD A DERRINGER COCKED AND READY! MUSTANG WENT FOR HIM FIRST...

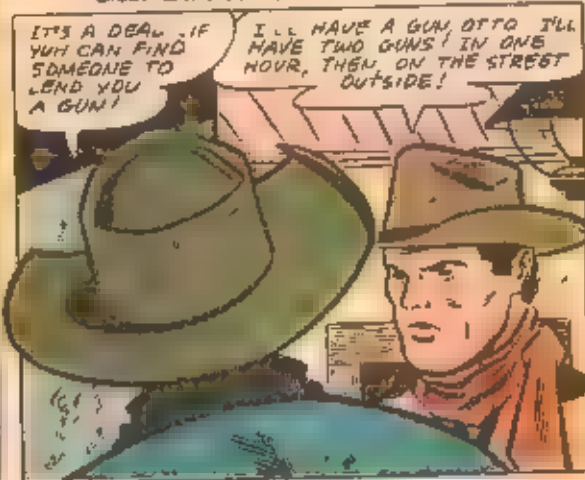


SHOOT, OTTO... IT'LL BE THE LAST TIME YUH TRIGGER A COLT!

I'LL LET YUH OFF THIS TIME!
IT'S NOT THAT EASY OTTO! YOU CAME AFTER ME. I'M NOT THROUGH! I'LL MATCH GUN SPEED WITH YUH IN A FAIR FIGHT! AGREED?



OTTO KURTZ KNEW HE WAS FAST... FASTER THAN ANYONE HE'D EVER SEEN WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MEN LIKE BILLY BUNNY OR BEN THOMPSON!

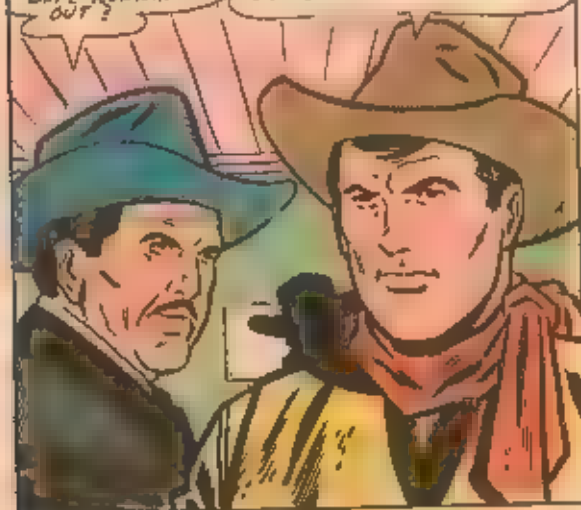


IT'S A DEAL... IF YUH CAN FIND SOMEONE TO LEND YOU A GUN!

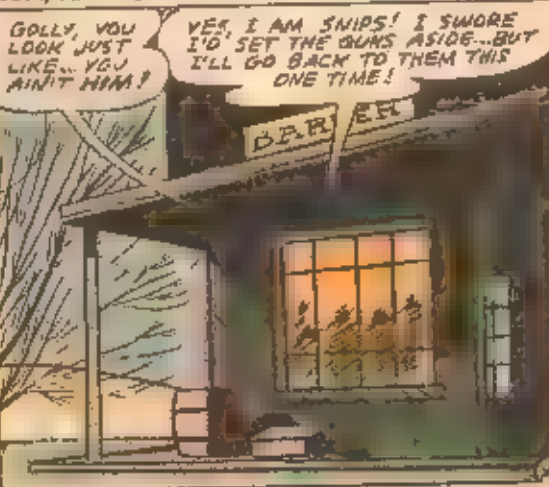
I'LL HAVE A GUN, OTTO. I'LL HAVE TWO GUNS! IN ONE HOUR, THEN ON THE STREET OUTSIDE!

WHERE YUH GOIN', BOY? RUNNIN' OUT?

I'LL BE HERE! EXCUSE ME... I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO!



THE RAGGED BRONC STOMPER DISAPPEARED! AND ONE HOUR LATER, AFTER A BARBER HAD WORKED HIM OVER, AND HE'D TAKEN A BATH, HE WAS READY!



GOLLY, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE... YOU AIN'T HIM!

YEA, I AM SNIPS! I SWARE I'D SET THE GUNS ASIDE... BUT I'LL GO BACK TO THEM THIS ONE TIME!

CHEYENNE KID

OTTO KURTZ WAS READY. HE WAS CONFIDENT HE'D TAKE THE DRIFTING BRONC STAMPER BUT HE HAD INSURANCE READY JUST IN CASE.



HOLD A BEAD ON HIM IF HE'S BEATIN' ME TUN THE DRAW, NAIL 'IM'

I GOT SOME GUNS, OTTO! HAD EM READY FOR YEARS! YUH READY?

YUH HAD AN ACE IN THE HOLE! OKAY, I'LL STILL TAKE YUH!



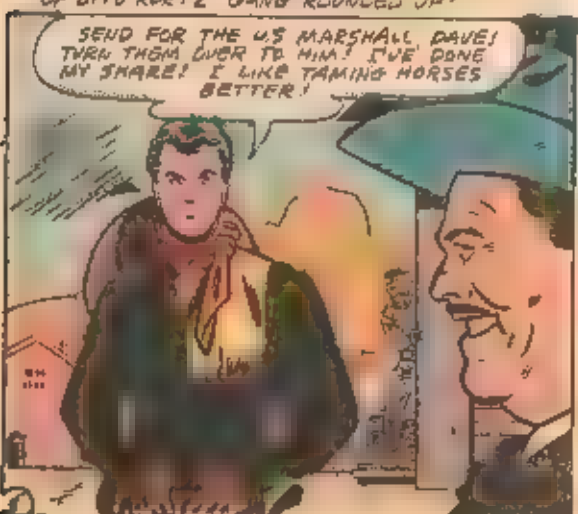
KURTZ DREW! WHEN HE MADE HIS MOVE, THE MAN CALLED MUSTANG WENT FOR HIS SIX-GUNS TOO BUT HIS FIRST TARGET WASN'T THE OWLHOOT CHIEF!



YUH GOT HIM, BUT I GOT YOU!



AT MUSTANG'S ORDER, DAVE NEUINS HAD THE REST OF OTTO KURTZ GANG ROUNDED UP!



SEND FOR THE U.S. MARSHALL DAVE! TURN THEM OVER TO HIM! I'VE DONE MY SHARE! I LIKE TAMING HORSES BETTER!

W! WHO IS HE! HE LOOKS FAMILIAR. ESPECIALLY WITH COLTS IN HIS FISTS!

YOU'D KNOW HIS NAME IF I SAID IT OTTO! BUT MOST FOLKS THINK HE'S DEAD! I'M NOT GONNA SAY OTHERWISE!



End

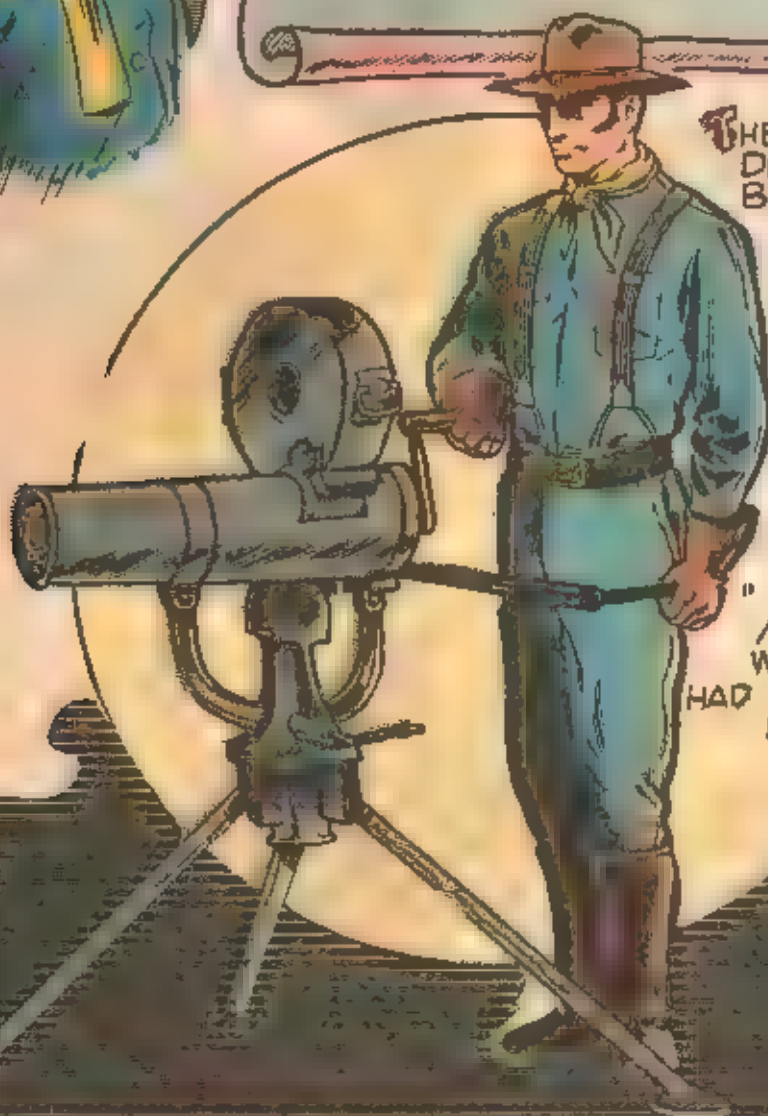
WESTERN WINKERS

CUSTER'S GATLINGS



WHEN GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER'S ENTIRE TROOP WAS ANNIHILATED AT LITTLE BIGHORN IN 1876, HIS HEADQUARTERS HAD FOUR 90LB. GATLING GUNS ON HAND. THESE WEAPONS HAD A RATE OF FIRE OF 1000 ROUNDS A MINUTE...

THEY WERE DESIGNED TO BE FIRED FROM HORSEBACK OR GROUND- (WITH TRIPOD). HAD CUSTER TAKEN WITH HIM ONE OF THE FOUR THAT WERE AVAILABLE, "CUSTER'S MASSACRE" WOULD HAVE HAD A REVERSE MEANING.



CHEYENNE KID

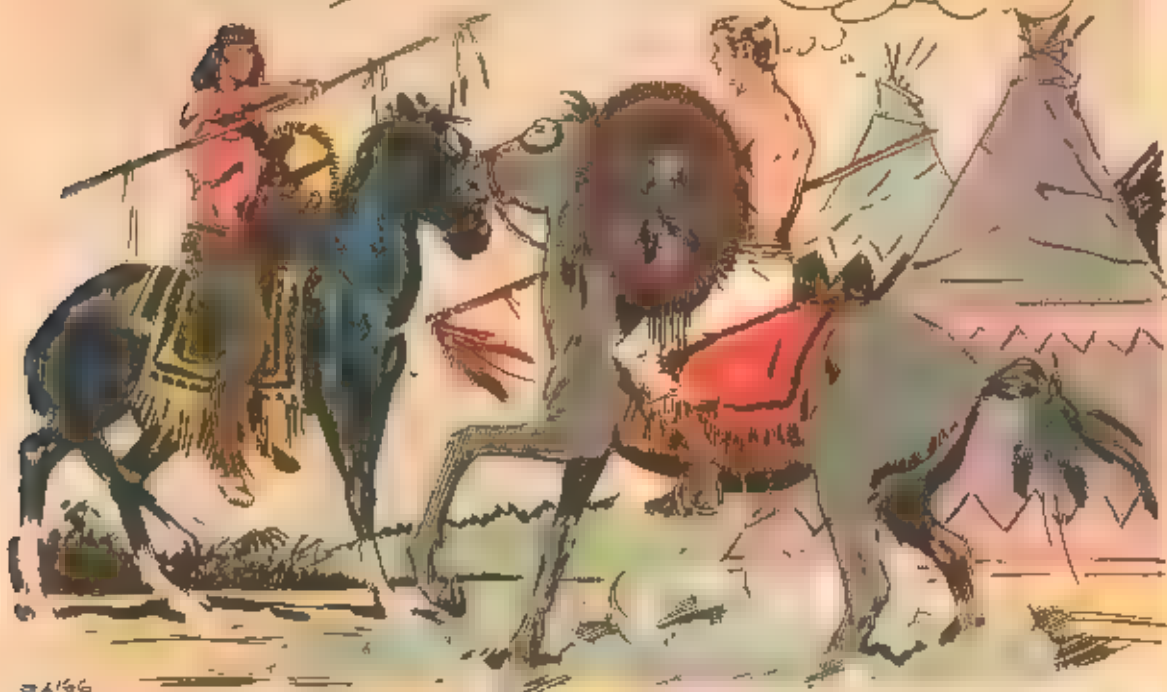
IN WHITE INDIAN RAID

THE CHEYENNE KID STAYED ON WITH THE APACHE! GERONIMO HIMSELF WAS DETERMINED TO LEARN WHICH OF THEM WAS THE BETTER MAN! AND THE APACHE WARRIORS PLAYED ROUGH!

Part 3

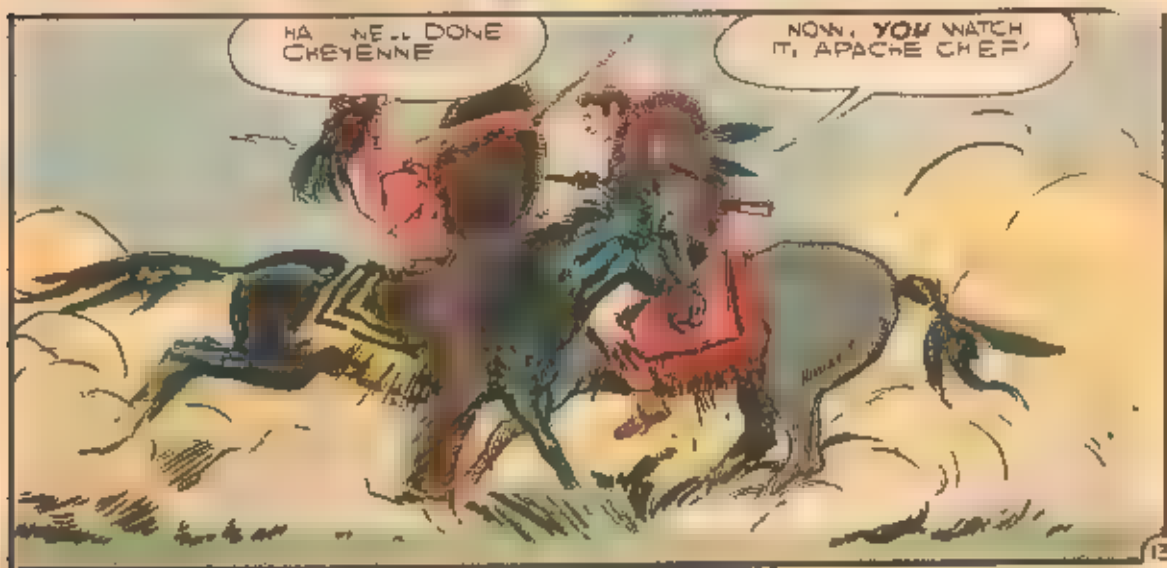
HO, WHITE WARRIOR, PROTECT YOURSELF!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM FROM GETTIN' ME WITH THAT LANCE -- YET I CAN'T HURT HIM TOO BAD!



HA -- WE'LL DONE CHEYENNE

NOW, YOU WATCH IT, APACHE CHIEF!



CHEYENNE KID

OOOH! THE WHITE
CHEYENNE HITS
HARD!

YOU ALMOST
DOWNED ME
GERONIMO.
WE CAME
ABOUT EVEN
I RECKON!



WHEN WE GO SOUTH
AGAIN TO FIGHT OUR
ENEMIES CHEY-
ENNE, I WOULD
BE GLAD TO HAVE
YOU WITH US

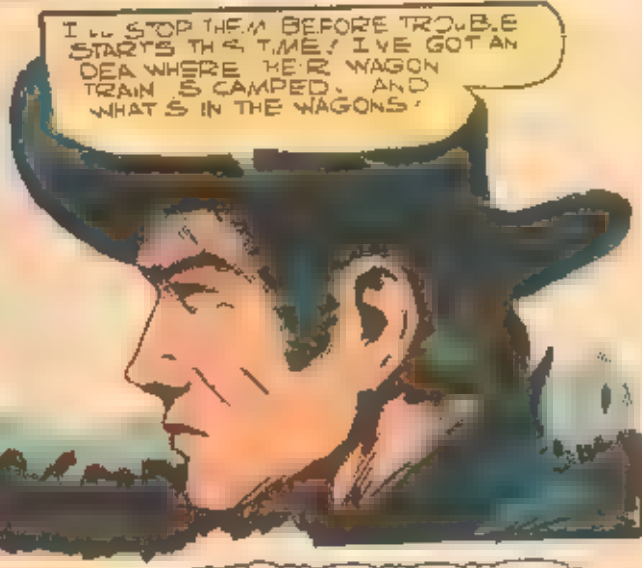
THERE IS PLENTY OF
FIGHTIN' RIGHT
HERE IN ARIZONA.
GERONIMO AS
A MATTER OF FACT
BARLOW AND PASCH
ARE HIRIN' TOUGHS
RIGHT NOW. I
MET A TRAPPER
THIS MORNIN'.
HE TOLD ME



THEY MAKE TROUBLE
THEY STEAL AND RAID
THEN BLAME US.
WHEN THERE'S WAR
BETWEEN US MEN
LIKE THEM PROFIT
FROM OUR GRIEF!



I'LL STOP THEM BEFORE TROUBLE
STARTS THIS TIME. I'VE GOT AN
IDEA WHERE THE WAGON
TRAIN'S CAMPED. AND
WHAT'S IN THE WAGONS!

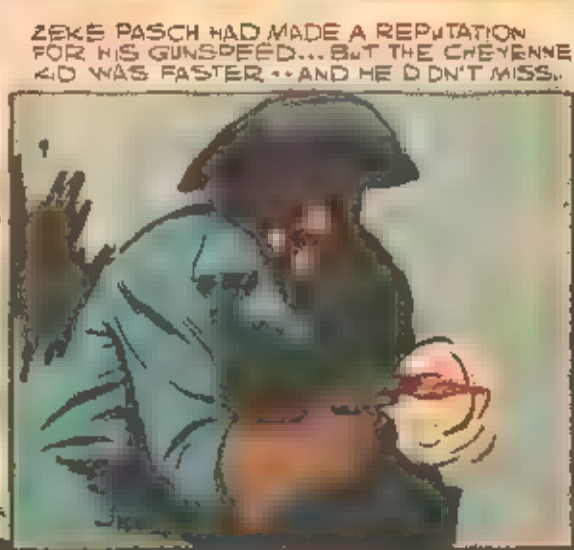
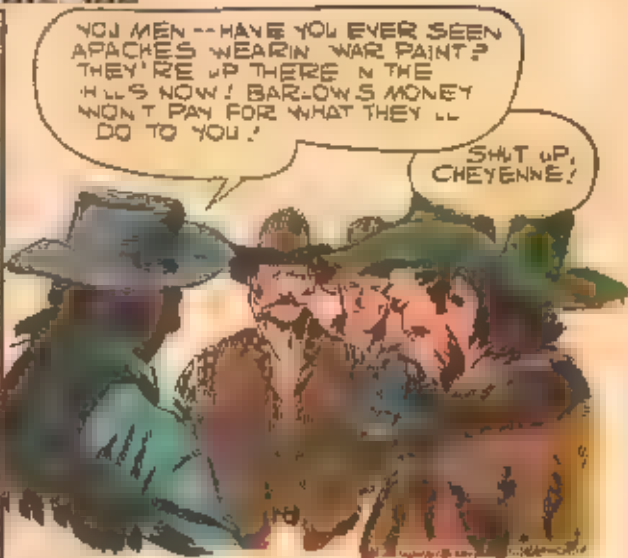
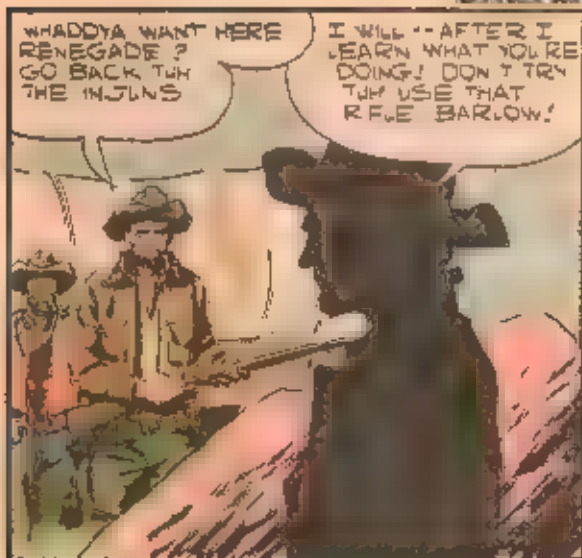


THE CHEYENNE KID COULD'VE HAD A FEW
BRAVES ALONG TO HELP. BUT HE DIDN'T
WANT THE APACHES TO BE INVOLVED AT
ALL IF THERE WAS TROUBLE...

THERE THEY ARE, HIDDEN
FROM THE FORT! THEY DON'T
WANT THE COLONEL TO KNOW
WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



CHEYENNE KID



CHEYENNE KID

GERONIMO WON'T BOTHER US,
CHEYENNE! WE'VE GOT GUNS
FOR HIM-- HE'S GOT GOLD
DROP THAT GUN

IT WON'T WORK BARLOW!
T MIGHT F GERONIMO
WANTED HIM BUT
HE DOESN'T!

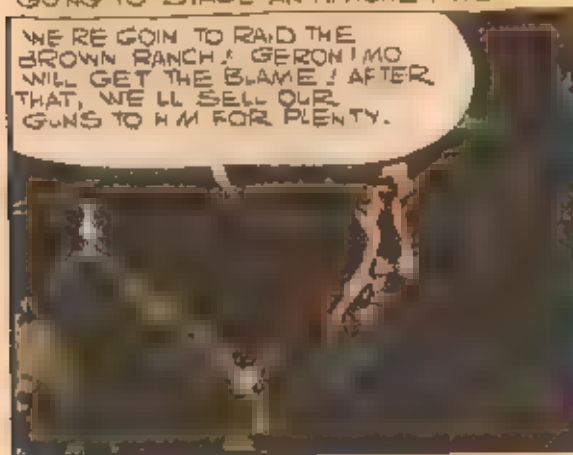


BARLOW'S PLAN WAS CLEVER ENOUGH--
HE AND FOUR OF HIS MEN PUT ON BREECH
CLOUTS AND WAR PAINT! THEY WERE
GOING TO STAGE AN APACHE RAID --

TUH RE A CHUMP MISTER F THEY
RAID THE RANCH THE U.S. GOVERN-
MENT WILL BE AFTER YOU.
AN GERONIMO WILL CHASE
TUH YOU THERE-- BE
NO PLACE TUH HIDE

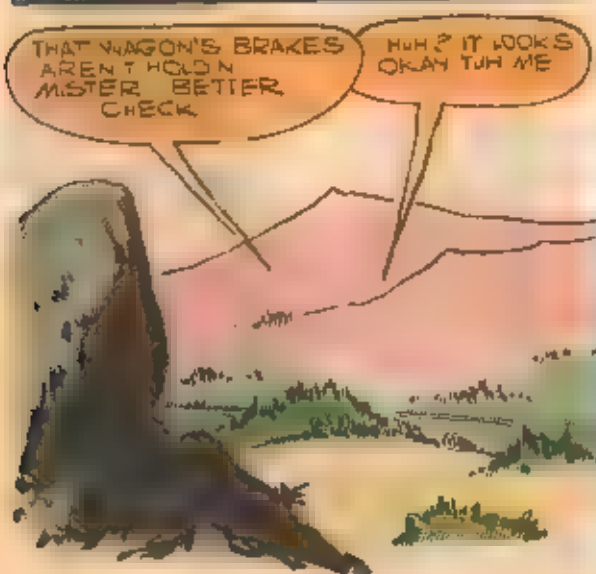
SHUT
UP
CHEYENNE!

WE'RE GOIN TO RAID THE
BROWN RANCH! GERONIMO
WILL GET THE BLAME! AFTER
THAT, WE'LL SELL OUR
GUNS TO HIM FOR PLENTY.



THAT WAGON'S BRAKES
AREN'T HOLDIN
MISTER BETTER
CHECK

HUH? IT LOOKS
OKAY TUH ME



CHEYENNE KID

TAKE THE BRAKES OFF THE
WAGONS... PUSH EM INTO
THE STREAM 'T'S DOWNH LL.

THE TEAMSTERS WERE TOUGH -- BUT
THEY DIDN'T ARGUE! A FEW MOMENTS
LATER THE WAGONS WERE ALL UNDER
WATER ..

NOW, START
WALKING TO THE FORT!
COLONEL TARDES LL
HANDLE YOU MEN!

NOT ME,
HE WONT.



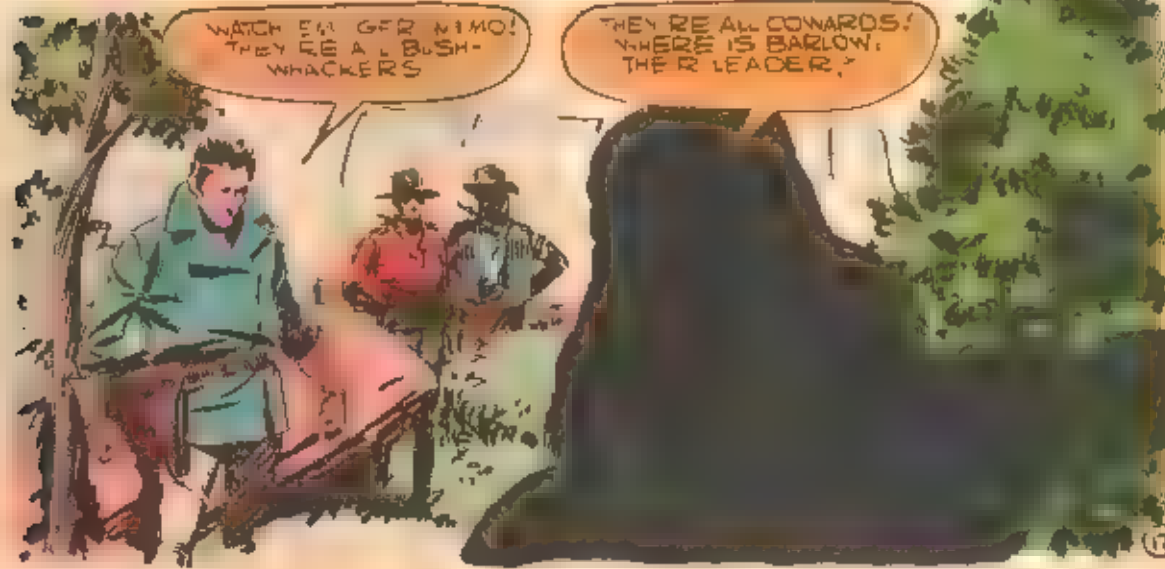
HE'S ONLY ONE MAN -
LET'S NAIL HIM!
BARLOW LL PAY
PLENTY IF WE DO

YEAH, AN
F WE
DON'T THE
COLONE -
W LL JUG
THE BUNCH
OF US



WATCH EM GEF NIMO!
THEY RE A BUSH-
WHACKERS

THEY RE ALL COWARDS!
WHERE IS BARLOW,
THEIR LEADER?



CHEYENNE KID

HE'S GONE 'ER RAID
BROWN'S RANCH.
LET'S STOP 'EM.



THE APACHE RAID WAS ALREADY
UNDER WAY WHEN CHEYENNE AND
GERONIMO ARRIVED. KEVIN
BROWN, THE ONLY MAN PRESENT,
WAS WOUNDED.



HOLD T BAR-
LOW. SHOOT
AT ME, I'M
ARMED!



THE CHEYENNE KID ESCORTED BROWN AND
BARLOW BOTH WOUNDED, TO THE FORT.
PASCH AND THE TEAMSTERS HAD COME IN
THEMSELVES. THEY WERE AFRAID NOT
TO GERONIMO'S BRAVES WERE OUT
THERE.

I THOUGHT —
WAS AN APACHE
RAID AT FIRST!
BUT IT WAS
HIM!

THIS IS WHAT THE CHEYENNE
KID MEANT WHEN HE
WARNED ME. YOU AND
YOUR MEN WILL GO TO
PRISON BARLOW



WHAT ABOUT YOU?
WHAT CAN I DO FOR
YOU, CHEYENNE?

KEEP YOUR WORD WITH GERONIMO! LET HIM
AND HIS BRAVES LIVE IN PEACE. COLONEL
KEEP DOLLAR CHASIN' CROOKS OUT OF
THIS TERRITORY. I'VE GOT TO RIDE
COLONEL. ME AN' GERONIMO ARE
GOIN' FISHIN'.



END

100 TOY SOLDIERS

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!!

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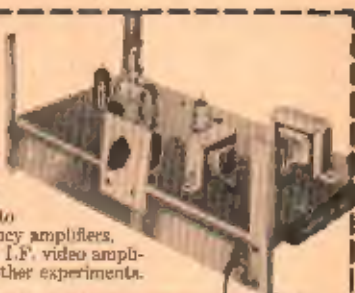


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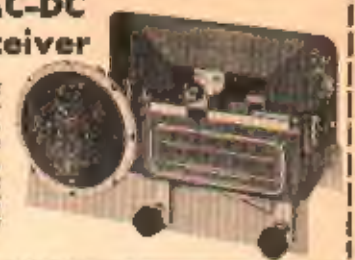
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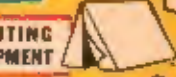
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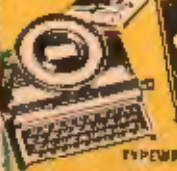


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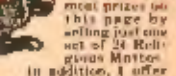
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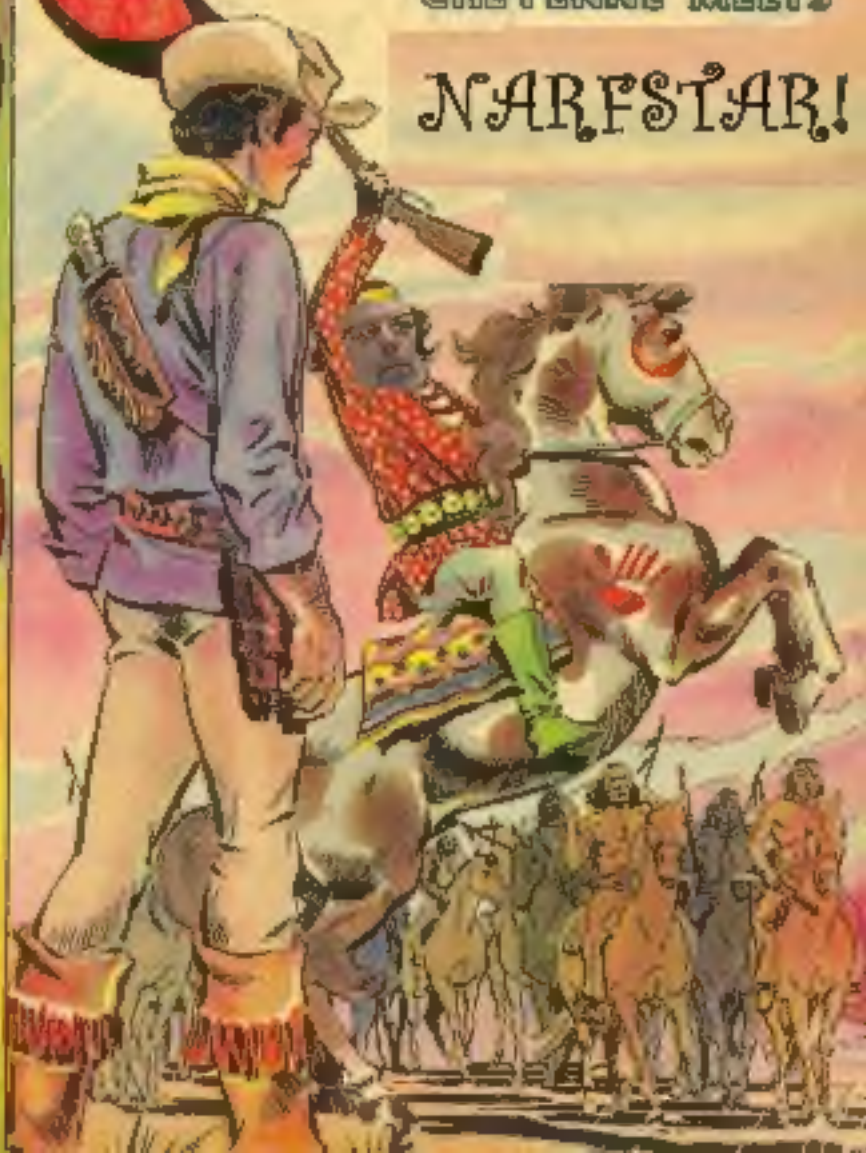
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